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THE BATTLE OF THE HOUSES.

THE surprise, the consternation, and the not very genuine expressions of delight with which the exchange of defiance over the passage of the Franchise Bill through Committee on Monday night and its third reading on Tuesday have been received in various quarters are not indicative of any great political wisdom prevailing in those quarters. They are, least of all, indicative of such wisdom, in so far as they recall the correlative surprise, delight, and not very genuine disappointment with which the smooth words of last Thursday week had been previously accepted. By some people, at any rate, it was thought and said at that time that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues had been credited with repentance and good feeling at a very easy rate, and the supposed hardening of the hearts of the Conservatives on Monday may be safely taken much more as a consequence of agreement with this opinion than as a sudden access of unwise elation on the score of the South Warwickshire election. That election, indeed, was a signal triumph for the Opposition, and the attempt to make it pair off with Scarborough was simply absurd. At Scarborough a Liberal seat was held by an almost identical majority; at Coventry a Liberal majority of some scores was turned into a Tory majority of nearly twelve hundred. Taken in connexion with the South Hampshire election and some others recently, Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD's return may be read without much rashness as indicating that if there were a general election next week, the Tories would sweep the English county seats from Devon to Northumberland. This is much; but it is not all, and prudent statesmen would not build on it exclusively. The change in the position or in the language (it was a change of language chiefly) may most probably have been due to a perception that Mr. GLADSTONE's words last week were, to say the least, compatible with no compromise at all, and that a continuous exchange of amiable commonplaces was exposing the Opposition to the charge of gracefully accepting overtures that never were made. This reflection must have been strengthened by the failure of the Government to make any acceptable or practicable proposals after the second reading of the Bill. Indeed, if the example of PHARAOH is to be quoted at all, it might well seem to be applicable to the Government rather than to the Opposition. Whether the expression of these reflections need or need not have been accompanied by the withdrawal of all opposition, putting the Bill on Tuesday night in a position which most people had thought it would not reach till next week, may be matter for question. Sir CHARLES WETHERELL was not the wisest of politicians, but his celebrated regret that he had not "given 'em 'another division or two' expresses a principle for which there is much to be said.

On the other hand the course actually adopted is, on the whole, perhaps best calculated to force the Government hand if it is to be forced; and the certainty that Liberal members have with one accord put their consciences in their pockets, and nerved themselves to vote for a course of policy which at least a third of them at heart disapprove, may have made it seem advisable to let the battle pass to the point where it must be really fought out. The advantage of bringing the matter to this crisis (much as all men of sense and patriotism would rejoice that the crisis itself should be averted) is that Mr. GLADSTONE, at any rate, and probably some of his colleagues, do not appear likely to have

their heads cleared as to the real facts of the case as long as they have to deal only with an irresistible and abject majority on their own side. They and their partisans are constantly repeating in one form or another that the Government has "staked its reputation" on the production of a fair Redistribution Bill, and that that ought to suffice. The reproach of the Hind to the Panther—

You would be trusted, but you [will] not trust—

applies here perfectly, even on general considerations, and, as shall presently be shown, it is impossible to retort it with any point or truth on the Opposition. But the truth is that something more than the general one-sidedness of Mr. GLADSTONE's request that the Tories shall bargain an Act of Parliament for mere information is here concerned. It cannot, unfortunately, be forgotten that in a certain case not many months ago the most solemn assurances were given to the Opposition, and that, when the time came for fulfilment of those assurances, an unprecedented revolt of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers forbade him to fulfil them. The Opposition has to do with a personage like WILKIN FLAMMOCK in *The Betrothed*, whose confessor not merely removes his scruples of conscience at breaking his word, but threatens to excommunicate him if he keeps it. This reminiscence is not altogether favourable to the striking of a bargain still more like that in the novel—a bargain where the Tories are to lodge in Mr. GLADSTONE's hands the very commodity of which, by his own express words, he is most in need as a sword against them, in return for his mere word that something like a shield shall afterwards be manufactured and given to them. It is true that in some divisions on the Ministerial side the presence of Ministers in the other lobby would have turned the scale, and no doubt Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues would most honestly fulfil their personal pledge if they could. But who shall answer for the free and independent Liberal party?

It will, of course, be replied to this in the usual blind fashion of Radical argument that Mr. GLADSTONE can with no more prudence put himself in the hands of the Opposition than the Opposition can put itself into the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE. Nor can he. But there is not the slightest reason for thinking that the Opposition would insist on anything of the kind. It is the fashion with Mr. GLADSTONE, and therefore of course with his followers, to speak as if no real compromise was possible, and as if the suggestion of it was an intolerable humiliation. Perhaps, when the matter comes to be one not of counting heads in the House of Commons, but of weighing arguments in the House of Lords, he may think differently. At present no one but himself and a few red-hot Radicals probably would see any humiliation, and most people would see much wisdom, in such a proceeding as that which more than one member of Parliament has suggested in the *Times*—that is to say, the introduction of a Redistribution Bill when the Lords have passed the second reading of the Franchise Bill, and in the adjournment of the Session over Christmas to give time for the discussion of the second Bill, with the understanding that the House of Lords would pass the first as soon as the second, in that pleasant form "due to the exertions of both parties," was ready for its consideration. As the majority of the House of Lords is extremely unlikely to follow the example of the House of Commons, and to forbid its leaders to keep

their pledges, there could be no fear of foul play on the one side, and, as no Ministry could very well drop of their own motion a Bill which had passed the House of Commons, there would be little fear of any foul play on the other. The details of this plan are, of course, the merest suggestions, and admit of modification in an infinite number of ways. But they at any rate amount to something like a compromise—a compromise in which a fair give and take is contained, with the take sufficiently in excess on the Ministerial side. Assuming—as, of course, every one wishes to assume, though it is very difficult to reconcile the assumption with reason or with the actual conduct of the Ministry—that Mr. GLADSTONE really sees some mysterious virtue in passing one half of his Bill first, and has no intentions of making any unfair use of that half, he gains, in fact, everything he wants except the childish satisfaction of carrying his measure in exactly the way in which he proposed to carry it, and no other. Assuming that he means to do something quite different with the Franchise Bill, it is natural that he should behave as he is behaving; but in that case the House of Lords will be justified in resisting his purposes by every means in its power. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not celebrated as a peacemaker; but there was, at least, truth in one remark which he made during the two nights' passage of arms which preceded the third reading. It was certainly clear that no arrangement was likely to be made while the Bill was kept before the Commons. On the other hand, if it had gone up with an interchange of compliments and a chorus of vague hopes, the Lords would have been infallibly charged by their impartial Radical critics with setting the minority, no less than the majority, of the Lower House at naught, and frustrating the pacific purpose of the Tory Commons. The speeches on the Opposition benches, and especially the unanswerable review of the situation given by Lord JOHN MANNERS, make this charge impossible and put the matter in its true light. War is a bad thing; but nothing makes war so bad and so certain as hollow truces and the delusive interchange of vague propositions of agreement.

THE SKYE CROFTERS.

THERE is nothing in the present lamentable outbreak of disorder in the island of Skye to surprise any reasonably observant reader of the newspapers. It has been in preparation for some time. All the elements of trouble have long existed in Skye itself, in the Hebrides, and in the Western Highlands, and within the last five years agitators, conscious and unconscious, have been hard at work stirring these elements into action. There is a poor population living by a wretched system of agriculture, in an unfavourable climate, and compelled to eke out existence by the help of most uncertain resources. In the minds of these people there have always been a number of vague ideas as to their rights, and at the same time vague memories of past wrongs, partly real, but to a much greater extent imaginary. It is only natural that such a population as this should prove troublesome in hard times, and of late the course of things has been of a nature to aggravate the risk. The crofters have heard of special legislation for men living under much the same conditions as themselves. They know more or less accurately how that legislation was obtained, and it would suppose the existence of more than human virtue among them if they did not feel the temptation to make use of somewhat similar methods. What their own knowledge could not supply has been amply made good by volunteer advisers and leaders. Agitators of the Irish stamp, and in some cases men who had an active share in the work of the Land League, have been busy in the Western Highlands. They have confirmed the delusions of the crofters, and have pointed to the success of the Irish Government, as represented by Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, has not been wanting to itself. Apart from encouraging a crofter agitation by the great standing examples of the Land Act and the Arrears Act, it gave a direct incentive by the appointment of the Royal Commission. This wandering company of amateur takers of evidence went through the West Highlands, doing what Royal Commissions usually do. They fired off questions at random, tested nothing, prepared nothing for examination, and cross-examined nobody. They severally remained of the opinions they held at the beginning, and published contradictory verdicts. They were wholly at the mercy of fadmongers in their own body, and of agitators or fanatics out-

side. If they had only darkened counsel by collecting a crude mass of ill-taken and untested evidence, the mischief done would have been comparatively small; but their practical influence on the minds of the crofters has been wholly bad. It was antecedently probable, and the probability is supported by direct evidence, that the crofters would get just one clear idea from the passage of the Royal Commission. They would be persuaded that some power or another was at work in some undefined way to make them all happy for ever. Under the influence of the inevitable disappointment they would naturally be ready to follow the first agitator who took advantage of any especial pressure of their normal poverty to mislead them. Indeed, the ground had been so carefully prepared that the actual presence of an agitator was scarcely necessary. All that was needed was a little extra tension between any body of crofters and their landlord, and a riot was almost as certain as the explosion of gunpowder at contact with a lighted candle. The relations of landlord and tenant in Skye have been particularly strained for three or four years, and the position of the poorer holders may have made an outbreak more probable in this district than another; but something of the kind might equally have happened in Caithness or Lewis.

The extent of the field open to the agitators is exactly what makes the disturbance in Skye so dangerous. In itself the riot is a comparatively small matter; and, as it appears from the latest reports that the crofters will have the good sense not to offer any resistance to the armed force now on its way to the island, it may even be considered as ended already, so far as open resistance to the law is concerned. In punishing the riot, it will not be forgotten that the crofters have not wholly forfeited their right to the pity naturally felt for miserable and misguided men. They have resisted the law; but they have done it openly, and without recourse to the base methods of Irish agitation. They have not murdered. They have not houghed cattle or carded women or been guilty of fire-raising. But behind the trouble in Skye lie large and far-reaching questions. The exact merits of the dispute between the crofters and their landlord are probably not to be understood by anybody not familiar practically with the working of a Highland estate; but the main features of the situation are visible to all the world. A body of men have taken upon themselves to be judges in their own cause, and have defied the law. They have settled the doubts as to their imaginary, or at best antiquated, rights in their own favour. No small part of the rural population of Scotland sympathizes with them and is prepared to support them. An active, if not a strong body of agitators, who are devoted to the extension of semi-socialistic ideas, is ready to give them encouragement, and perhaps assistance. The principles of the crofters, if their vague and mainly sentimental beliefs can fairly be called by that name, strike at the root of all rights of property in land, and what their notions want in clearness can be supplied from the theories of their better educated sympathizers. With the history of the Irish Land League at hand for the general instruction, it is impossible to deny that all this constitutes a position of considerable danger. In the face of the peril the duty of the Government is plain. It must make the crofters understand that violent opposition to the law will not be tolerated. So far its work is likely to be easy enough; but when the marines have restored order in Skye, Ministers will have to deal with opponents who are able to give them a good deal more trouble than a handful of poor and unarmed crofters. The political agitators who have egged on the rioters and are still encouraging them cannot be disposed of by marines. They will remain to agitate, and make trouble in the House of Commons, where they are not likely to want allies. It is against these enemies, who are wise enough to keep out of the way of the police, that Ministers will be most bound to show firmness. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was peremptory enough on Tuesday night; but the experience of the last four years does not justify much confidence in the resolution of any member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet when assailed by politicians of the stamp of Mr. MACFARLANE and Dr. CAMERON. For that very reason it is absolutely necessary to induce—and, if need be, to force—the Ministry into a distinct assertion of their determination not to play fast and loose with Socialism in Great Britain. A declaration to this effect may for obvious reasons be unwelcome to Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet. It will for one thing condemn them to do penance for their policy in Ireland; but inconsistencies

ought by this time to be familiar to HER MAJESTY'S present Ministers. In any case the danger is too serious to be played with. A certain contempt may well be felt for the politicians who met outrage and rebellion in Ireland with concession, but are prepared to oppose a firm front to a few hundred starving crofters in Skye. Their despicable behaviour of three years ago does not, however, alter the fact that the latter attitude is correct at the present moment.

Nobody can imagine that when order is restored in Skye and the agitators have been properly warned the troubles of the Western Highlands will be at an end. The economical conditions which have been the ultimate cause of them all will remain. It will be the duty of Government, and the interest of every intelligent man who wishes to save this country from the standing danger of agitation and the possibility of retrograde legislation, to promote whatever may tend to remove those causes. The misery of the West of Scotland is due to the existence of a population too great to be supported by the soil. While they remain they must necessarily be miserably poor, and dangerous because they will always be easily misled; for the character and the beliefs of the Highlander are such as make him a particularly easy prey to the agitator. The remedy is, or ought to be, obvious. The Highlands must be relieved of their superfluous population by emigration. It would be a perfectly legitimate employment of the power of Government to direct and encourage a general emigration, and even, in case of need, to hasten it by steady pressure. The alternative to the application of this remedy is a continual agitation for legislation of the Irish kind. There will, of course, be no want of violent opposition to State-aided emigration on the part of sentimental fanatics or those baser politicians who find it convenient to work on the weakness of a poor and suffering population. Their enmity need, however, disturb nobody. It is the inheritance of every statesman who has to rule the country, and is only dangerous when the apathy or the folly of Government supplies it with tools.

EGYPT.

"THERE were some who laughed," is a phrase familiar to most persons who have enjoyed what is now considered as the curse of a classical education. As most of those who sit upon the Opposition benches and some at least who sit with Mr. GLADSTONE have been brought up in this manner, the phrase must probably have occurred to more than one member of the House of Commons on Tuesday night. There was a little conversation about Egyptian matters, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE made a reference to possible proposals on the Government part. Hereupon Mr. GLADSTONE, with the simplicity which no other member of the House of Commons possesses in such perfection, took occasion to observe that he "did not mean to convey that we had or had not anything to propose." A ripple of laughter went along the Opposition benches. "There were some who laughed." And it would have been very odd if there had not been some. A more admirable description of the perennial state of mind of the Government in this Egyptian matter, of their complete freedom from any desire to propose, or not to propose, anything about Egypt, could hardly have been devised even by such a master of phrase as Mr. GLADSTONE. Proposal? Why should any Government have any proposal to make or not to make about Egypt? What is Egypt to them, or they to Egypt? Mr. GLADSTONE has no desire to convey anything about a proposal, and indeed it must be acknowledged that for more than two years there has been no sign on his part of any desire of the kind.

Yet the Government can hardly abstain much longer from making a proposal, even if the ever-useful Franchise Bill should once more afford an opportunity of huddling the Egyptian matter up and quenching the inconvenient thirst of the country for proposals in a fresh tide of agitation against the House of Lords. Foreign countries happen to be interested in Egypt, and foreign countries can hardly be put off with diatribes against Lord SALISBURY. The time announced by M. FERRY at which communications from the English Government were expected, and would in their turn be communicated to the French Chambers, is drawing near; and, if Mr. GLADSTONE had on Tuesday night no idea whether anything was going to be proposed or not, the busy capitalists and speculators in the city are, and have been, by no means in a state of similarly philosophic doubt.

Very definite rumours have been put forward in not ill-informed quarters as to Lord NORTHBROOK's proposals, though report is not equally agreed on the point whether Lord NORTHBROOK's colleagues are prepared to accept these proposals. The reported suggestions of this almost unprecedented Commissioner do credit to his judgment, though they revive the wonder which was felt and expressed beforehand, that the trouble and delay of sending out a Cabinet Minister to discover what every intelligent person who had busied himself with Egyptian matters should have been consented to. Perhaps, indeed, on the invaluable general principle formulated by Mr. GLADSTONE, it may have been because, when you are equally unwilling to propose or not to propose anything, a delay is always equivalent to a respite. But they say that Lord NORTHBROOK has recommended the advance of the now familiar eight millions; that he does not advocate reduction of interest, except on the Suez Canal shares held by England; that the Egyptian army is to be reduced to a mere phantom; and that the English occupation is not only to be prolonged, but to be carried out free of cost to Egypt. The genuineness of these proposals is open to the objection that they are exactly what most people in Lord NORTHBROOK's case, looking only to the terms of his commission, would have recommended; they are entitled to whatever benefit may simultaneously accrue from this same consideration.

It is one of the constant difficulties which meet the student of the political wisdom of public men and public writers that this scheme, whatever its authenticity, has been indignantly denounced by some persons who, on the whole, are rationally disposed towards the future relations of England and Egypt. We do not say that it is a perfect scheme. It is not clear why England should lend Egypt money to pay all debts except her debt to England, it is said, and there is something in the objection, though not very much. Why the useless and expensive toy of an Egyptian army should be retained at all is a question much more difficult to answer. But those of the malcontents who are not anti-English malcontents may be invited to consider two very simple points. In the first place, it is clear that, if England interferes with the interest of foreign bondholders, the foreign bondholders' Governments will, in all probability, make unpleasant use of the rash and senseless declarations of the present English Government about Egypt; while, if these bondholders are sure of being paid in full, the backbone will be taken out of all resistance except that of France, and perhaps out of French resistance too. French citizens of the type of that affectionate father who made such a disturbance about the *dot de ma fille*, when M. DE LESSERS was supposed to be lessening the value of Canal shares, would much rather have the said *dot* guaranteed by perfidious Albion than have it dependent on the chances of Egyptian bankruptcy. Again, the sacrifices which England would make by the suggested NORTHBROOK agreement, or by any agreement like it, would make it practically impossible for foreigners to interfere, or, which is more to be feared, for an English Ministry in some mood or crotchet, to throw Egypt away. We should hold the country by an indefinitely renewable lease, or, to put the matter in another form, on a mortgage foreclosable at any time. That is, it may be urged, a not inconsiderable advantage.

But if these proposals are in themselves susceptible of defence, that is not necessarily a reason for believing that they have been or will be acceptable to the Government. A determined pessimist with a good memory might even say that it is a reason why they should not be acceptable when he looks back on the history of the last three years. That history certainly does not become more encouraging as it proceeds. For instance, few more certain proofs that the eternal vice of the Government—the refusal to look facts in the face—dominates them as much as ever could be found than the amount of the sums asked for Egyptian expenses on Thursday. The confident assertion of well-informed persons that weeks ago the actual outlay had reached fully six times the sum demanded may or may not have been founded on fact. But no one with the slightest experience of military affairs and their cost can doubt that thirteen or fourteen hundred thousand pounds is a mere dribble towards the discharge of the expenses of the expedition, which, let it be remembered, has hardly yet got fully under weigh for its actual destination. The defence is, of course, that Ministers hope it will not be necessary to go to Khartoum after all, and dream

that it may not be necessary to stay there. But such a hope and such a dream constitute in themselves the strongest possible condemnation of the Ministerial attitude, which was described and expounded once more by Lord HARTINGTON in introducing the vote. It would be sufficient to read that speech to discover the secret of the Ministerial failure in Egypt. "The contingency had not arrived in which they were absolutely convinced," "they did not contemplate any actual movement," "there would have been difficulties," with similar dreary and disastrous indications of irresolution and want of foresight, are peppered over the speech so thickly that the whole has rather the air of an apology for not doing something else than of a programme of something done or to be done. Whether the postponement of serious criticism of this speech to another occasion was wise on the part of the Opposition may be very strongly doubted. It looks rather like a repetition of the unlucky policy of frittering away the public interest in the subject by repeated desultory attacks instead of concentrating the whole force of the party and the whole interest of the country in one onslaught. But the comparative immunity from criticism which Lord HARTINGTON enjoyed does not make his position any better. His speech, with its miserable confession of the probable loss of Colonel STEWART and Mr. POWER, and its absence of any definite plan for the future, is self-condemned. The undue restriction of the Tel-el-Kebir campaign brought about General GRAHAM's expedition; the undue restriction of General GRAHAM's expedition brought about the present operations. It is a curious, though not an agreeable, speculation what the carrying out of General WOLSELEY's instructions in the same restrictive sense will in a similar way have as a natural consequence.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE contest for the American Presidency was decided by the absurdly small majority of 1,200 votes in a single State. The Republican Committee disputes the accuracy of the official returns in New York; and in turn the Democrats protest against an alleged repetition of the fraudulent proceedings by which eight years ago Mr. HAYES became President, when Mr. TILDEN had been duly elected. By a still more extraordinary accident, the contest in Illinois has resulted in a tie; but the result of the election will depend on the official return of the New York votes. There seems to be no serious doubt of Mr. CLEVELAND's success; but the movement on which his supporters mainly relied has not resulted in a brilliant triumph.

The independent Republicans who voted for the Democratic candidate seem to have been numerically weak. Their organization is not known to have extended beyond the State of New York; but there the secession accounted for the majority which, small as it was, decided the Presidential contest. The Republicans would almost certainly have won the battle if they had proposed an unobjectionable candidate. Mr. BLAINE's eloquence may perhaps have swelled the number of his supporters in the States where he was already secure; but in New York the vital issue was one of character and not of popular oratory. His skill and experience in the conduct of elections, and his close alliance with almost all the veteran masters of the art, suggest the probability that he may have had sufficient reasons for a conduct of the canvass which to strangers appears injudicious. A revival of the antipathies produced by the Civil War, and a declaration of hostility to the Southern States, could scarcely recommend Mr. BLAINE's candidature to the favour of patriotic and prudent citizens; but an appeal to prejudice and passion may perhaps have been acceptable to zealous Republicans. The dinner of millionaire capitalists at DELMONICO's was a more paradoxical proceeding. The professed object of the celebration was to prove that speculation would not be discouraged by the election of the Republican nominee; but it might have been thought that an ostentatious connexion with the class to which Mr. JAY GOULD belongs had a tendency to confirm the suspicions which attach to one part of Mr. BLAINE's career. Happily Mr. JAY GOULD is himself equal to either fortune. He was, perhaps unjustly, accused of using his control over the telegraphic lines to delay, if not to falsify, the election returns in the supposed interest of Mr. BLAINE; but as soon as victory declared itself on the Democratic side, the dispassionate financier addressed a cordial congratulation to Mr. CLEVELAND.

The closeness of the struggle is probably explained by

the prevalence of Protectionist doctrines. The Republican candidate had the merit of consistency and openness in his professed antagonism to all freedom of trade. On the other side the managers were more anxious to disclaim their sounder opinions than to rely on the economic truths which would have been publicly avowed but for the formidable strength of the monopolists. The Philadelphia Correspondent of the *Times*, who is an extreme advocate of Protection or prohibition, announces that the election of Mr. CLEVELAND will not be injurious to business interests. He even hopes that Mr. RANDALL, who is a principal leader of the Protectionist section of the Democratic party, may be appointed Secretary of the Treasury. It happens that, although the Democrats have elected their candidate as President, their majority in the House of Representatives is diminished, and the Republicans still control the Senate. The Correspondent has therefore good reason for his confidence that business, which in his political dialect means protected trade, is in no immediate danger. Mr. CLEVELAND's opinions on economical questions are not generally known. The imaginary English manufacturers who are supposed to have subscribed to the Democratic funds will probably not obtain any modification of the tariff in return for their apocryphal outlay. They might, if they existed, console themselves by the reflection that the Americans, by maintaining an unreasonable system of duties, cripple their own powers of commercial competition. It is, on the whole, satisfactory that Mr. CLEVELAND has defeated his competitor; but a President, even if he were devoted to Free-trade, has no direct influence on economic policy.

The extraordinary vehemence with which the late struggle has been conducted must be attributed partly to its personal character, and, in the later stages of the contest, to the uncertainty of the result. It is not a little strange that a trial of strength between two parties in a collective constituency of ten millions of voters should be decided by a majority of twelve hundred in a single State. When industrious professors of statistics hereafter tabulate the details of the election, it will appear whether the numerical majority of the whole Federal constituency has after all prevailed. It is obvious that the transfer of a few votes to the other party would have reversed the actual decision. In the election of a single person to the highest office in the Republic, it would be impossible to provide any representation of the minority; but it is a singular anomaly that so important a result should depend on a mere accident. If the system which was until lately established were now to prevail, the dominant party would in March next dismiss all the present holders of office to supply their places with Democratic successors. Mr. CLEVELAND may be trusted to depart, as in his government of New York, from the vicious rule which from the time of ANDREW JACKSON adjudged the spoils to the victors; but his conscientious adherence to the principle of Civil Service Reform will not secure him against the inevitable discontent of his partisans. His most plausible excuse will be that his patronage will be checked and controlled by a Republican Senate. The expediency of discountenancing jobbery and corruption will be less generally appreciated.

The constitutional arrangement by which the term of the outgoing President overlaps that of his successor has almost the effect of a periodical interregnum. Mr. ARTHUR retains for four months all the prerogatives of his office; and he might, if he thought fit, dismiss his Cabinet, or make any other sweeping use of his legal powers; but, in fact, he is no longer in a position to exercise official influence; and those who have personal or political objects to gain will from this time forward worship the rising sun. It is admitted that Mr. ARTHUR has discharged with credit, and with advantage to the country, the office which he owed to accident. His selection of Ministers was judicious; and he deserved gratitude for his removal of Mr. BLAINE from the office of Secretary of State. Mr. ARTHUR was recommended to the notice of the Republican Convention by the skill and energy with which he promoted, in 1880, the candidature of General GRANT. When Mr. GARFIELD was preferred as the Republican nominee, Mr. ARTHUR was selected as candidate for the place of Vice-President, in recognition of the importance of his section of the Republican party. In the late election Mr. HENDRICKS has been associated with Mr. CLEVELAND, not as a defeated rival, but because he was associated with Mr. TILDEN when the choice of the voters was, in 1876, defeated by fraud. In the selection of his Ministers Mr. CLEVELAND will be expected to consider the claims of his late competitors, and

especially of Mr. BAYARD and Mr. THURMAN. The Democratic party is at present fortunate in the character of some of its principal leaders, and the Senate will not venture to reject the nomination of eligible candidates for office. The Protectionists are justified in their belief that the appointment of Mr. RANDALL would imply a determination on the part of the PRESIDENT to rely on the more illiberal section of the party; but in present circumstances the question of the tariff is of secondary importance, because it is not likely to become a practical issue.

There is fortunately no reason to apprehend any international complications during the ensuing Presidential term. Mr. CLEVELAND wisely abstained from giving unnecessary pledges in relation to either domestic or foreign concerns. The only appeals which were made to the turbulent section of Irishmen proceeded from Mr. BLAINE and his followers; and, if they generally voted for Mr. CLEVELAND, they merely acted with the party which has always commanded their allegiance. Mr. BLAINE's attempts to interfere in the affairs of South American Republics are not likely to be renewed by his political opponents; and, indeed, his policy was reversed by Mr. ARTHUR, to the satisfaction of respectable members of all parties. Mr. CLEVELAND will not have to reckon with General BUTLER, who might have preferred claims to the favour of Mr. BLAINE, as having, in the language of the racecourse, "made the running" for him by his sham candidature in the Presidential election. On the whole, Mr. CLEVELAND may reasonably hope, in the absence of unforeseen disturbing causes, to enjoy a quiet and uneventful term of office. The American people are, happily for themselves, not habitually anxious for legislative innovation. For some time past they have regarded with undisturbed complacency the combination of a Republican Senate and a Democratic House of Representatives, which in less judicious communities would be supposed to involve a troublesome deadlock. There is, in fact, little difference of opinion or policy between the two great parties, though they are still capable of indulging for a time in the pleasure of an animated contest for the Presidency. During the late canvass little was said on either side of the rights or wrongs of the South, which at one time formed the principal subject of political controversy. General BUTLER, indeed, explained to a sympathetic audience his unwillingness to visit England because he was afraid that he might hear the Republic justly blamed for unavenged murders of coloured citizens in the South. The Republican managers were either unaware of the scandal or they thought that it was not for their interest to raise the issue. Until at some future time the tariff becomes a subject of serious agitation, American parties will find it difficult to invent a cause of quarrel.

FITZGERALD'S ACQUITTAL.

THE administration of the law in Ireland has sustained a more serious check this week than at any time since the passing of the Crimes Act. In the face of evidence quite convincing to most Englishmen, and which but for one feature of it could have left no one but an Irishman unconvinced, the jury empanelled to try PATRICK FITZGERALD for treason-felony at the Dublin Commission Court returned a verdict of "Not guilty." So signal a defeat of the Irish Executive, of course, provoked great popular enthusiasm, which was further heightened by a later result of the trial. FITZGERALD's acquittal has led as a matter of fact—we cannot say that it need necessarily have led—to the abandonment of the whole case against the Tubbercurry prisoners. On the morning after his discomfiture, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL informed Mr. Justice HARRISON that the Crown had resolved to enter a *nolle prosequi* against the whole of the accused persons, and thus some dozen or more men charged with treason-felony, including three who have been separately indicted, two of them for conspiracy to murder, and one for an actual attempt to commit that crime, have been set at liberty, and may return in triumph to their homes. After the verdict in the previous case, and the rider which the Court allowed to be attached to it, "the ATTORNEY-GENERAL felt that it would be useless to proceed with the prosecutions"—an observation which appears to us to apply with less force to some of the indictments than to others. The rider in question was to the effect that in the opinion of the jury, the corroborative evidence against FITZGERALD was of a complicated and doubtful nature, and the evidence of the two principal wit-

nesses unworthy of credence; but without entering upon any elaborate discrimination of the various charges, it is, of course, manifest that the above objections to the testimony adduced against FITZGERALD on an indictment for treason-felony are, at any rate *prima facie*, by no means conclusive of the inexpediency of proceeding with charges of conspiracy and of actual attempt to murder. It might be rash, however, for English criticism to challenge the discretion exercised by the Crown in this or any similar case. It is founded, no doubt, on a variety of considerations to which outsiders have virtually no access; and it is, perhaps, determined in the last resort by the just reflection that to abandon a whole batch of prosecutions on the failure of a test-case among them is far less damaging to the administration of justice than it would be to expose the Executive to a series of similar rebuffs.

Still, the acquittal of FITZGERALD in the face of such evidence as was produced against him is a grave matter, even making all due allowance for Mr. Justice HARRISON's rather too indulgent summing-up. The evidence of the informer DELANY as to the prisoner's association with Fenianism was of the most distinct and minute character, nor was any attempt made to shake it in cross-examination. DELANY deposed to FITZGERALD's repeated presence at meetings of the Fenian organization in Dublin, and to his having on two occasions taken the chair. He deposed to the prisoner's having presided over the proceedings instituted against traitors to the society, and of having directly incited to the assassination of two detective officers. MORAN, the other informer, gave evidence in the same sense; but the case against FITZGERALD did not by any means rest on the evidence of these two tainted witnesses alone. The testimony connecting the prisoner with the Paris letter returned through the Dead Letter Office was exceptionally precise and confident. The treasonable documents contained in it were sworn to be in the prisoner's handwriting. Indeed, as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL insisted in his reply, there was the clearest possible corroboration of the fact that FITZGERALD was a member of the Fenian organization, and that the objects of that body were both illegal and criminal. Nor did Mr. Justice HARRISON either before or during his charge to the jury contest this statement that the informer's evidence had been in fact corroborated, though he added that he should tell the jury that "the testimony of MORAN or DELANY should be specially corroborated." What was the learned judge's precise meaning in this remark the reports of the trial are too meagre to explain; but, whatever was meant by it, the jury resolved to interpret it in the sense most favourable to the prisoner. They declined to hold that the corroboration of the informer, whether "special" or otherwise, was sufficient. After two hours' consideration of it, they pronounced it "complicated," which it certainly was not, and "doubtful," which was only another way of saying that they personally had not been convinced by it; while the evidence of DELANY and MORAN themselves is dismissed as "unworthy of credence." And no doubt to the cheering crowd outside the Court-house the last proposition, as applied, not indeed to informers in general, but to informers telling a particular kind of story, is in the nature of an eternal verity. The informer is only to be believed in the rare instances in which he turns "agin the Government." It would have been interesting, however, if it had not been irregular, to have Socratically interrogated the jury as to what in their judgment constitutes the credibility or otherwise of a witness who testifies to the crimes of his former associates. As it is pretty safe to assume that these "twelve good men and true" have their own opinion, and a tolerably strong one, on the Maamtrasna case, one would rather like to know by what means they would distinguish PHILBIN's "true" testimony to MILES JOYCE's innocence from DELANY's "false" testimony to FITZGERALD's guilt. DELANY, an accessory to a political assassination, cannot be a worse ruffian than PHILBIN, who assisted at the massacre of a whole family, nor can the former, who kept his mouth shut at the trial, be a meaner scoundrel than the latter, who rounded on his accomplices. The convict undergoing penal servitude for complicity in the Phoenix Park murder compares every way respectably with the traitor who is at large, and if it comes to a question of motive for false witness, the imprisoned informer is under far less pressure to accuse FITZGERALD than impelled the approver at large, and going in fear of his life from the popular detestation, to gain security and popularity at one stroke by retracting his accusation of MILES JOYCE.

It might be possible, perhaps, if the Irish nation were differently constituted, to derive some comfort even from this untoward incident. There could be no more opportune and conclusive answer to one and perhaps the loudest of the outcries with which the Parnellite party have of late been making hideous the Parliamentary nights. The wrongs of the unfortunate Irish prisoner who, with a right of twenty peremptory challenges, and as many more "for cause" as he can show reasonable cause for, is yet somehow always doomed, to find himself confronting a jury-box filled with twelve unscrupulous instruments of the Castle, have been dwelt upon with relentless iteration by his spokesmen in the House of Commons. Jury-packing, we have been told, has been reduced to a science, and we are apparently bidden to regard the well-deserved knighthood recently bestowed upon an Irish executive official as analogous to a simple honour conferred upon some distinguished Fellow of the Royal Society, or light of the British Association. This latest incident, however, has sufficiently proved that, if jury-packing in Ireland has become a science, it has not yet reached the level of an exact science. The predictive power has certainly not yet been acquired by its professors, or we should not, in a case of the highest importance to the administration of justice, have witnessed this unfortunate failure of the Crown to obtain conviction against a man most probably regarded by nine out of every ten Englishmen who have studied the evidence against him as guilty. If Irishmen, we say, were not Irishmen, we might console ourselves by reflecting that the failure of justice is at least an answer to the charge of preventing justice, and that the next verdict given against an Irish political prisoner would stand all the more chance of a popular ratification. As a matter of fact, however, we know that consolation of this sort would be purely illusory. We may be quite sure that the next Fenian whom the Government succeed in getting an Irish jury to convict will just as surely acquire the reputation of a "victim" as if the escape of FITZGERALD had not occurred to show that juries in Ireland, so far from being bound in the fetters of subservience, enjoy the license of perversity. This man's acquittal will not make future verdicts of guilty in any degree more likely to give satisfaction; it will only make them many degrees more difficult. It is this, and not the mere failure in the attempt to bring one particular treason-monger to justice, which constitutes the real gravity of the late judicial mishap. These things have a way in Ireland of going by "runs"; and there is always a fear that, when one jury begins to set the example of moral cowardice, an epidemic of acquittals may set in. More especially is this to be feared when the special grounds of acquittal are such as they were in the present case. Odious as the informer may be, it will be long, we fear, before the inquisitors of Irish treason and Irish agrarian crime will be able to dispense with his aid; and if, as is but too possible, the violence of Irish Nationalists should succeed in coercing juries into a rejection of informers' evidence even when it has abundance of confirmation, the outlook will soon become as disquieting as it was in the days before the Crimes Act.

A VERY DEAD HORSE.

"IN the village of Podles, near to Vesse, lives a well-known assassin named HAMIDAAB." This sentence looks like the promising beginning of a story about a Sultan, a damsel, and a vizir. It is, however, the beginning of something much less worth reading—to wit, a perfectly unauthenticated report by M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE of a crime said to have been committed in Macedonia. The story is one of nine, all very horrible, and all unproved. M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE, who is apparently ambitious of inheriting the mantle of another distinguished writer, who took the peoples of South-Eastern Europe under his wordy protection some years ago, has, it seems, entered into an arrangement with the *Pall Mall Gazette* to keep it regularly supplied with Macedonian atrocities. His first instalment has been delivered; and, if the rest is up to sample, the gobemouches for whom the *Gazette* loves to cater may confidently expect a glorious and recurrent feast. He has already supplied murders, ravishings, and some delightful details of torture, all practised on the Christian Macedonians. From the literary point of view, M. DE LAVELEYE has perhaps made the slight mistake of beginning at too high a pressure. To be sure, he works for a public which loves crude colours, but it would on the whole have been wiser to start off more soberly. A few cuffs, cudgellings, and

extortions would have prepared the way for the greater crimes. As it is, he will find some difficulty in keeping up the pace. The jaws of credulity itself will begin to be closed by the time he has got to his fiftieth flaying alive. At the end of his catalogue M. DE LAVELEYE chants his "How long, O Lord," in good modern political phrase, and appeals to Europe to take Macedonia in hand.

Before making what slight observation seems called for by this sudden revival of an old clamour, it is advisable, though it ought to be unnecessary, to say that no fair-minded, or fairly-instructed man will doubt M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE's firm conviction of the truth of all he says for an instant. A convinced witness is not, however, necessarily a trustworthy witness. It may further be pointed out that a calumny is not the less a calumny because the victim is a Turk. This was sometime a truism; but it needs to be insisted on, because certain honourable persons whose notion of honesty is to believe, or pretend to believe, the first story which serves their turn have got into the habit of treating it as a paradox. Before, therefore, we can accept all the reports of the "distinguished Belgian publicist" which the *Pall Mall Gazette* commends "to the attention of Conservatives," it will be only prudent to ask for the evidence of their truth. M. DE LAVELEYE, who does not consciously work in an element of tittle-tattle or take up a cause as an excuse for throwing mud, has himself said enough to justify a reasonable scepticism. He confesses that his "sources of information are but limited." This suggests questions as to the nature of the limitations. Is it not possibly the case that his sources of information are limited to the uncontrolled reports of agitators and Russian agents? The tone of his communication certainly does not prove any unreadiness to accept the stories of these people on trust. Until all doubt on this point is cleared up, the atrocity stories reported, and to be reported, by M. DE LAVELEYE are entitled to some little attention on the part of his friends, as showing what he believes, but to none at all as proofs of what is really happening.

That there is some truth in all these stories is probable enough. Doubtless outrages are committed in Macedonia. So they are, only the victims are Turks, in Bulgaria. The report of H.B.M. Consul at Warsaw is extant to show how the united Greeks were treated in Poland less than ten years ago by the liberating Russian Government. How the Jews fare in that happy land is not unknown in Europe. Indeed, when once the philanthropist is well settled to atrocity-hunting, there is almost no limit to the game he may start. In the Empire of Morocco witnesses are commonly tied up by the ankles and beaten on the feet with the bastinado to quicken their memories. His Majesty the King of DAHOMEY is credibly reported to be in the habit of causing the noses of his offending subjects to be shaved off with a two-pronged steel instrument. A little acquaintance with travellers' tales will enable anybody to supply endless examples of man's cruelty to man. But why should a distinguished and slightly credulous Belgian publicist be asked to supply an English newspaper with a regular budget on this disgusting subject? For a very simple reason—because his stories, true, half true, and untrue, may be commended to the attention of Conservatives. At a time when current party cries are getting a little threadbare, it seems convenient to certain high-minded persons to try and furbish up an old one which did good service in its day. Hence all this gushing zeal for the poor rayahs of Macedonia.

A MODERN ODYSSEUS.

THE student of the Odyssey is touchingly reminded of the difference between heroic and unheroic times by the adventures of Mr. JOHN HUTCHINSON SCOTT, sometime a hotelkeeper in Barrow-in-Furness. Every nation is acquainted with the legend of the husband who leaves his home, and does not write, and has a mourning wife waiting for him, and who on his return, "late and in evil case," finds "sorrow in his house." In mediæval lore the hero is a Crusader. In China he is a soldier. In Greece he is the much-enduring ODYSSEUS. In Barrow-in-Furness he is Mr. JOHN HUTCHINSON SCOTT; and in the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, he is the plaintiff. The resemblance between Mr. SCOTT's adventures and troubles and those of ODYSSEUS is so close that we might deem the whole tale a modern burlesque, with contemporary properties and costumes, of the old epic, if the case were not gravely reported in the *Times*. Mr. SCOTT was lessee of the Cavendish

Hotel in Barrow-in-Furness, which, of course, is the only way whereby a modern can exercise the profuse hospitality of an heroic king. Doubtless many revellers feasted and had joy of the banquet in the echoing halls of Mr. SCOTT. The owners in fee of the hostelry are MATTHEW BROWN & Co., overlords, so to speak, of the plaintiff. By his covenant with them he was "personally to inhabit the hotel "with his family, and make the house his usual place of residence." So he did, till the spirit of adventure fell on Mr. JOHN HUTCHINSON SCOTT, who thus addressed his wife:—

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees,

or words to that effect. He said he would go to shoot in the wilds of the West, and Mrs. SCOTT, one day, found that he had actually gone, taking with him his weapons of war, "his shooting things"—

Alone superior in the plains of Troy
Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.

Like ODYSSEUS, Mr. SCOTT was a mighty shooter, and roamed the woods, seventy miles from Annapolis in America, a hotel-keeper returned to the state of nature. With these proceedings we confess the sincerest sympathy, but MATTHEW BROWN & Co., regarding their covenant with man in the hunter stage as broken, put an agent of their own into the hotel. Mrs. SCOTT was retained as manager on a weekly salary. Then this unlucky lady did exactly what PENELOPE had done in the same circumstances. Here the parallel becomes quite astonishingly close. At the end of the first book of the *Odyssey*, while the hero is still wandering unheard of, his son TELEMACHUS says to ATHENE:—"Therefore no more do I put faith in "tidings, neither have I regard unto any divination, "whereof my mother may inquire at the lips of a diviner, "when she hath bidden him to the hall." Now this was precisely what Mrs. SCOTT did; she inquired at the lips of diviners, whom she had bidden into the hall—the bar, we mean. Not hearing from her husband for some weeks, Mrs. SCOTT, in order to ascertain how long he was to be absent, held what she called a "spiritualistic meeting" with some of her friends, at which she was informed by the spirits that he would not return for sixteen years. We do not learn what form of divination Mrs. SCOTT employed, whether trapezomancy, or table-rapping, planchettomancy, or what not. Particulars would be acceptable to the Folklore Society, and also to the Society of Psychical Research. No sooner has Sir E. HORNBY's ghost proved an *alibi*, and shown that, wherever he was, he was not in Lady HORNBY's bower, no sooner has that blow fallen on the Society, than the spirits summoned by Mrs. SCOTT also prove that sprites are not to be trusted.

Rap no more, ladies, rap no more. Ghosts were deceivers ever! Mr. SCOTT was not absent for sixteen years, but for only eight weeks. However, when he did come home, it was, like ODYSSEUS, "to find sorrow," and indeed a man in possession, "in his house." After some reflection, Mr. SCOTT, again like ODYSSEUS, went to his own dwelling. Here he found arrayed against him, not several hundred wooers indeed, but a godlike bailiff and thirteen men. Upon these Mr. SCOTT set in manly wise, hurling into the press, and so they lashed one at the other that it was marvel. Unlike his great prototype, however, unlike ODYSSEUS of Ithaca, Mr. SCOTT did not begin shooting. His arrows and bended bow he allowed to repose; but he did "severely handle" several of the dauntless thirteen and the godlike bailiff. Finally numbers prevailed, and Mr. SCOTT with his family was ejected. He then set the matter forth before one that knew many dooms and judgments from of old, even Mr. Justice KAY; but he had no joy thereof. In short, Mr. Justice KAY dismissed the action, with costs, except so far as it claimed an account of what was due under the bill of sale, and an inquiry as to the value of the goods.

THE CONTEST AT HACKNEY.

THE vacancy caused by the lamented death of Professor FAWCETT will be filled next week. The two candidates for the vacant post are now in the field and hard at work addressing the electors. The death of Mr. FAWCETT was as unexpected as it was lamentable; and the Liberal party in Hackney, unlike their opponents, had to look about for a candidate. In Professor STUART, of Cambridge, they have found one peculiarly suited to attract a large constituency

in which the element of the working classes greatly outnumbered all others. Professor STUART's name first came prominently before the public some years ago in connexion with the Cambridge scheme for University extension, of which he was the leading spirit, and his labours in promoting it brought him much into personal relations with working-men in many parts of the country. He comes, therefore, to Hackney accredited in some sense as their leader, teacher, and champion. He has also the advantage of coming forward as the personal friend of the late member, whose popularity and influence were nowhere greater than in the borough which he represented, as well as that of enjoying the peculiar blessing of the PRIME MINISTER. Hackney, too, has been a uniformly Liberal constituency; and it would not be surprising if habitual failure should have relaxed the energies and damped the ardour of the defeated party. The Liberal candidate starts, accordingly, with every chance of success in his favour. A Conservative victory, or a materially reduced Liberal majority, in Hackney would, therefore, be significant far beyond the ordinary meaning of bye-elections. It is to be hoped, when the opinion of the "country" is deduced by Ministerialists from the number of holiday-makers who parade the streets or of roughs who break up meetings of their opponents, that the Conservatives of Hackney will strain every nerve to show that the manufactured agitation of the last three months has been no real index to public opinion. An honourable defeat will in this case be a victory.

That such is the fact seems to have been present to the mind of the Liberal candidate when delivering his first address. "The time had come," he said, "when the "Liberal electors of Hackney must show a united and "determined front in the face of the enemy." Put into plain English, this means that at the last election the Liberal representative polled five to three against his opponent, whereas now the seat, like other strongholds of Radicalism, is known to be in danger. The rottenness of the plea that the present contest is one between the Peers and the "people" cannot be more strongly shown—often as it has been shown already—than by the fact that in a large popular constituency, numbering some fifty thousand electors, the Liberal party must "pull all together" in order to win. "The people," says the candidate, "must be prepared to "fight the unrepentant Lords." Now Professor STUART is no fool; but we should like to ask him, and the many politicians or would-be politicians (also—some of them—no fools) who have sedulously used such phrases during the last three months, if a minority of twenty-nine thousand persons is not as much a part of the "people" as a majority of thirty-one thousand. "Are fifty titled and ermined idlers," says in effect the Liberal orator, "to thwart the will of thirty-five millions of capable, intelligent, and laborious citizens?" But the same sort of reproach might be made with still greater force against the President of the United States or even against the Seraph ABDEL. The latter, finding himself on a memorable occasion in a minority of only one, appealed with success to a sounder public opinion than that of the seditious majority with which he happened to be for a time associated. And, to come down to the more mundane analogy, the constitution of the United States enables a single person to delay measures of the greatest public moment, passed by a majority of the legislative bodies in that country, till the majority is such as to make the real and permanent opinion of the nation clear. So greatly is the need in law-making of a suspensive power felt among a nation at once the most practical and democratic in the world, that they have lodged it, not in a Chamber, but in a single individual.

That the Conservatives are in favour of an extension of the franchise the PROFESSOR declares to be "a ghastly piece "of humbug." Who was it, then, seventeen years ago, who conferred the household franchise on the boroughs? Every one who has paid any attention to politics knows perfectly well that a wide electorate is desired by a large section of both parties, and also dreaded by a large section of both; and that whatever humbug there may be in the matter is to be found at least as much on the Ministerial as on the Opposition benches. The applause with which the PROFESSOR's vigorous onslaughts on the Peers were greeted seems to have somewhat confused the perspicuity of his style. "The extended franchise," he says (we quote from the *Times*), "would give the country the security which a "land received when it heard the voice of the people, as it "would hear it when men like JOSEPH ARCH and GEORGE "HOWELL had an easy access to it." To the "blind and "blunted senses" (as the speaker puts it) of the Con-

servative party this may seem a trifle unintelligible. *C'est magnifique ça, mais ce n'est pas la grammaire*, to parody a well-known saying. We were not surprised to see that the sentence was received with loud cheering. But may we not add, to change slightly other well-known words?—

This phrase is considered a perfect gem,
And, as to the meaning, it's what you please.

There is one point of difference between the present candidate and the late representative of Hackney which cannot fail to be noticed. Professor FAWCETT manfully opposed every measure, if his own judgment could not approve it, which might seem at first sight to tell in favour of his cause, and decided each and all on their own merits. He did not fear to face an audience and differ from his hearers. In one of his last speeches he honestly avowed that, in his opinion, the union of the two Bills for enlarging the franchise and for redistribution was desirable, and gave up his opinion only on the ground that Mr. GLADSTONE had a wider experience of public affairs than himself. The straightforward utterances of the late member contrast unpleasantly with the hedging of the present candidate. The only "crotchet" which he disclaims was among the chief principles of the late member's political creed. Professor STUART is against the fair representation of minorities—the necessity of which the late Professor FAWCETT, together with Mr. MILL, and with the whole body of thoughtful politicians, Liberal or Conservative, held to be a chief object in the struggles of the present and immediate future.

ZULULAND.

THE discussion on South African affairs in the House of Commons on Thursday could not from the nature of the case be distinguished by novelty. The sum asked for by the Government is not inconsiderable, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whatever else may be said of his speech, made a larger admission than any of his colleagues has yet done of the disastrous effects of the humiliation of Majuba. But in other respects the question was not much advanced. Mr. GLADSTONE lately stated, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, that nothing had happened which required intervention in Zululand beyond the limits of the Reserve. As the PRIME MINISTER is certain to agree with the SECRETARY of the COLONIES in a policy of inaction, it may be assumed that no possible occurrence in that unhappy country will disturb the Ministerial equanimity. The Zulus are at liberty to exterminate one another, in anticipation of the time when they will become landless fugitives or captive servants to the encroaching Boers. The process has already begun; and, notwithstanding the protests of English representatives on the spot, the English Government calmly declares that it is not USIBERU's keeper. That he was appointed to his chieftainship by an English Commissioner, that he was attacked by the pretender who had been capriciously restored by an English Secretary of State, and that he has been defeated by adventurers belonging to a State which has displayed bitter hostility to England, are not sufficient motives to disturb the Epicurean complacency of the superior Power. Lord DERBY is not likely to modify the determination which he announced to Sir DONALD CURRIE and other representatives of English interests in South Africa. According to his judgment, the only question to be considered is the point of contact at which white colonists and natives are to meet. Beyond the northern border of Zululand there would still be Kaffirs to deal with; and it is, perhaps, more convenient to place the Zulus outside the sphere of civilization or peaceable government.

The decision might be just, if no obligation had been incurred to the sufferers by a policy which has been incessantly changing. Ten years ago CHETWAYO was able not only to protect his own dominions, but to threaten unwelcome neighbours. His army, which was in fact the organized nation, has since been destroyed on little or no provocation; and those who overthrew the barrier might have been reasonably expected to supply some alternative system of defence. The Zulus would have acquiesced without difficulty in the establishment of a Protectorate, although Lord DERBY may be right in his contention that protection would mean annexation. Many of them are now eagerly seeking a home in Natal or in the Reserve, merely because they appreciate the benefits of English administration. Lord DERBY announces a firm resolution to retain the

Colony of Natal, and to repel aggression in the Reserve. He also admits the necessity of employing offensive measures, if they become necessary or expedient for the purpose of resisting invasion. It might in the long run have been found safer and cheaper to extend protection to the whole country. A small force of English troops, supported by native auxiliaries, might probably have been maintained without difficulty by the resources of the country. In other parts of South Africa natives have willingly submitted to a hut-tax to defray the cost of government.

One of the most thoroughgoing Liberals in the House of Commons has contrived, with some ingenuity, to condemn the whole South African policy of the Government. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL disclaims for himself the character which he is pleased to describe as that of a "Jingo." Like most persons who use offensive nicknames, he wishes to be exempted from the condemnation which is reserved for those who may from time to time differ from him in opinion. On the present occasion the supporters of intervention in Bechuanaland are, according to Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, "Jingoes," while he proposes a vigorous policy for the protection of the Zulus, without fearing any similar censure. The explanation of his dissent from the doctrine of Lord DERBY is that Sir G. CAMPBELL, though a Radical, has had experience in governing men. While he is probably as indifferent as Lord DERBY himself to "gunpowder and glory," he knows that safety generally depends upon force, and he also recognizes the duties which result from the possession of power. There is no doubt that, unless the Cape Colony co-operates with the Imperial Government, there may be some difficulty in repressing the unjust violence by which the friendly Bechuanese chiefs have suffered. It is true that the invading force is probably insignificant, but the country is difficult to reach, and the communications of an English force can only be kept open by the goodwill of the colonists. According to the latest accounts delegates from Cape Town have been sent to negotiate either with the Government at Pretoria or with the leaders of the invading force. The Ministry at the Cape probably feel no interest in the fate of MONTSIOA, whose claims are only recognized by the Imperial Government in accordance with the provisions of the Convention. The Colony cares only for the trade route to the interior which passes through MONTSIOA's territory. It is possible that the agents who have been sent to Bechuanaland may be satisfied with a repetition of the assurances which fail to appear sufficient to Lord DERBY. The estimates which are submitted to the House of Commons are based on the assumption that military operations may be unavoidable; but the Government still hopes to effect its object by peaceable means.

Sir G. CAMPBELL seems disposed to surrender the rights and to repudiate the obligations which result from the London Convention. He probably attaches little importance to the sudden withdrawal of the Transvaal Government from a lawless policy as soon as Lord DERBY announced his purpose of compelling the Boers to abide by their recent agreement. If his advice prevailed, it would be necessary either to use force in some other quarters, or to incur the contempt which would again find expression in some fresh encroachment. It may be unfortunate that MONTSIOA and others are entitled to require a protection which cannot be afforded without a certain risk and expense; but, if they were abandoned to the mercy of their enemies, it would be idle to expect from the Transvaal Government either abstinence from further aggression or respect for any agreement which may be hereafter concluded. There is still some possibility of a solution which would give general satisfaction. The annexation to the Cape Colony of the parts of Bechuanaland which are entitled to English protection would relieve the Imperial Government from a burdensome responsibility, and it would perhaps secure the friendly chiefs against further attacks. Lord DERBY nevertheless judged wisely in giving notice to all parties, that the work will be accomplished, even if the Colony withholds its aid. Perhaps even Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL will hesitate to accuse the most peaceable of Colonial Secretaries of the crime of "Jingoism." His own proposals are not inconsistent with the pursuance of a vigorous policy in Bechuanaland; and indeed, if the Government regards its own consistency, MONTSIOA cannot be deserted when USIBERU's claim to protection is recognized.

There is much to be said for Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's opinion that Natal and Zululand should be formed into a single Crown Colony. It is, indeed, useless to urge on the

present Government an arrangement which Lord DERBY has distinctly rejected; but there is reason to expect that occasions will arise which will render reconsideration possible or necessary. The white population of Natal is far too small to render the institution of responsible or independent government either desirable or practicable. The Imperial Government must for a long time control the native population, and provide for the security of European settlers. There has hitherto been no difficulty in managing the resident natives of Zulu blood and language who form nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants of the Colony. They are now incommenced by the pressure of immigrants who are escaping from the anarchy of independent Zululand, or from the formidable adventurers from the Transvaal. The complications which have arisen would have been greatly increased if Sir H. BULWER had not prevailed on Lord KIMBERLEY to reserve for loyal chiefs and natives even the small territory which is now protected by an English Resident Commissioner. It is fair to Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL to allow that he has strong reasons of policy for objecting to a tame abandonment of dominion in South Africa. His apprehension that the passage of the Suez Canal may be interrupted either by direct obstruction or by the establishment of an extravagant term of quarantine must be dismissed as unreasonable. Any contingency of the kind would render the security of the passage by the Cape not only important, but indispensable; and, although the possession of Capetown and its environs might suffice for a coaling station, it has been shown that a mere fortress in a foreign or hostile territory would be held by a precarious tenure. If England were to evacuate South Africa, the vacant place would be occupied by some more ambitious European Power. That a timid policy, either among Zulus or Bechuanas, is likely to produce such a result scarcely requires demonstration.

THE ARMY.

LORD HARTINGTON'S speech on returning thanks for the army at the Guildhall was in every respect appropriate to the occasion. It was short, cheerful, and highly complimentary—three very good qualities in after-dinner oratory. The SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR congratulated himself on his own sagacity and his hearers on the fulfilment of his predictions of last year. He was able to tell the LORD MAYOR how happy it makes him to know that his hopeful anticipations of twelve months ago "have been to a great extent realized." Last November he hopefully anticipated that the want of men in the British army would shortly be supplied, and on Monday night he was able to state that his hopes had been fully justified. His proofs made an imposing show for a minute or two after dinner. "Since I last had the honour of addressing the 'citizens of London,'" said Lord HARTINGTON, "the effective strength of the army has increased by between 4,000 and 5,000, while the strength of the Reserve has also been increased by between 5,000 and 6,000, so that to-day we have an addition to our fighting force of something over 10,000 men." After this he proceeded, in due course, to show that, while our army is improving as to quantity, there is no falling off as to quality. The battles of El Teb and Tamai were quoted to prove that the British soldier is what he always was, and may be trusted to show that he possesses "the first requisite of the soldier—a desperate courage, and an utter contempt of death," quite as fully as our Arab friends; for, though we have to shoot them, they are not our enemies, as we know; though they probably do not.

Now all this is flummery, and if its character were properly recognized, there would be no need to say any more about it. There are, however, still people who take what a Minister says in public about his department to be at least presumably a statement of fact, and for their benefit it seems well to point out why Lord HARTINGTON'S figures must be severely discounted. It is, put briefly, because they owe their charms to a judicious use of the wrong word where the right one would be inconvenient, and to an equally judicious suppression of awkward facts. The 10,000 men paraded by Lord HARTINGTON have not been added to the strength of the British army. They have been got together by hook and by crook to fill a gaping void in a force which is always kept at the lowest possible pitch, and which a year ago was several thousand men short of the indispensable minimum. If things had been put in that light at the Guildhall, the citizens of London

might have felt a slight sense of relief, for it is something to be a little less in danger, but they would hardly have cheered. Then, too, when we are told of those 10,000 men, it is well to remember how they were secured. The 4,000 to 5,000 recruits mentioned in his speech have only been obtained by lowering the standard of strength and age. Unless evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, it is, therefore, only fair to suppose that these men have been drawn from a class too poor in physique to be able to earn good wages as workmen. There is not even a pretence that any such evidence can be produced. Military critics of the old school are apt to be a little exacting in their demands, and to take it for granted that our regiments should always be up to the Peninsular level. That is asking a little too much. They might as well take CROMWELL'S New Model as our standard. The country will have to be content with something less than the exceptional forces formed once in a century by leaders of consummate genius, but there is absolute fatuity in being satisfied with anything less than an army of healthy and well-grown men. Every tittle of evidence as to the condition of our regiments goes to show that they are full of men who are neither healthy nor well-grown. It has been found necessary to cream the battalions now in England to make up the Nile expedition. It is to be supposed that the drafts sent out to India, where so much may be needed, and so soon, are drawn from the best of our young soldiers. If so, it is painful to think what must be the quality of the men left in England. From a passage in a letter from an Indian officer, published in the *St. James's Gazette*, it appears that some of the men in the drafts sent out last April were "so small that all the clothes in store are too large for them, and a special size has to be made for them in the tailor's shop." One of these warriors, who had to be promptly invalidated home, had attained to the height of 5 ft. 3 in., and measured 29 in. round the chest. No brewer or carrier would have thought a boy of that size worth his hire to do odd jobs. There would be some cause for surprise, however, if he is much of an exception in the ranks of the British army. With that fact before them, reasonable people may decline to be comforted by Lord HARTINGTON'S optimism; and, since no attention can be got for anything in these days except by reiterating it continually, those who are not content with a makeshift army must insist in season and out of season on certain propositions necessary to be accepted if the force is to be kept efficient. In the first place, the British army is always kept at just the strength needed for ordinary garrison duty in time of peace; and it is therefore a scandal to let it fall at all below its nominal strength, or to be indifferent to the quality of the recruits. In the second place, our army ought to answer not to the bulk of the vast Continental armies, but to their picked corps. In the third place, it is liable to continual calls. One expedition is in the field in Egypt; another is about to be formed in South Africa; yet another may be wanted in China next month; and he would be a very bold man who should deny that a fourth may be required in some outlying corner of the world within a year and a day. Whether the army is fit to do all this work in mere point of numbers is in the last degree doubtful; and now that Lord WOLSELEY has picked out all the full-grown men, its inadequacy in quality is not even a matter for doubt.

SHOWS.

OURS is an age of individualism and private enterprise. That is one out of many reasons why we can no longer succeed in the management of pageants. Instead of rejoicing in public over the spectacle of gilded boys, maidens throwing flowers, or white oxen garlanded, the self-reliant voter is drinking by himself, or beating his own wife in his private domicile. The ancients and the mediæval people lived chiefly in public, and took their pleasures before all men and the sun. Our popular delights can be enjoyed best at home, or, when it comes to kicking, in some street corner, the shadier the better. Mr. RUSKIN, in his new voluptuous history of England, does not propose to lecture on the pleasures of pageants or on the pleasures of kicking, which have taken their place. We may, therefore, presume that he will devote a good deal of time to the consideration of these topics. When he does, it will be shown that, as the collective enjoyment of gratuitous shows wanes, the individual appetite for more brutal and violent delights increases.

It would be a vast mistake, however, to conclude that the

appetite for shows is dead. On the other hand, it is extremely wakeful, only there are so very few really good shows to be seen. London is simply full of men of about twenty, in "bowler" hats and long greasy coats, who appear to have nothing to do except to stand about and stare. It is impossible even to hail a cab and get in without attracting the notice of a few amateurs of excitement. Rather than not stand and stare at all, they will stop and gape critically at this not unusual gratuitous spectacle. Several of them generally expect to be paid for helping to knock your hat off and make your great-coat muddy on the wheel as you enter the hansom. "A copper, sir," they say, instead of proposing to pay you for affording them so exciting an incident. From this point upwards, through such delicious events as a man tying his shoelace, a cab-horse fallen, a dispute between a cabman and his fare, a drunken woman, a person in a fit, up to that rarest diversion, a street fight, there is no gratuitous form of excitement that has not its large crowd of devotees. From afar off they see or scent the entertainment, and come running from a distance with their long greatcoats flying on the breeze. If such delights as these can move, it is manifest that there is a perpetual thirst for a real show. Watch the band of the Guards tootling from St. James's to Pimlico. It is accompanied and beset by hundreds of the pale young men who march proudly beside it, and perhaps for the moment feel in their weak veins a little pride in being Englishmen, and in possessing so glorious (if numerically scanty) an army. Much more then, on Lord Mayor's Day, is there an incredible multitude of sight-seers. The things they see are neither rich nor rare; and, like the profane poet, we may "wonder how the devil they get there." There are equestrian representatives of WAT TYLER (now justly acknowledged as a proto-martyr of Radicalism), and representatives of RICHARD II. and Sir WALTER RALEIGH, unable to do the cloak trick for want of mud. These shadows from the splendid past look really very well in the drawings in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They contrast rather favourably with the designs which Messrs. BELT and company sent in as equestrian statues to decorate the bridges. But these exhibitions, in company with ever so many banners and gilt coaches, are, after all, but poor when regarded as the one annual gratuitous entertainment devised for so vast and good-natured a multitude of spectators. Occasionally, when we defeat the militia of the Cannibal Islands or some other warlike nation, we have a military pageant; but peace is our strong point, and the Lord Mayor's Show the only show on which we can depend. The People will miss it when London gets her reformed Municipality. The best part of the Show (though excessively vexatious if you are in a hurry) is the crowd. Surely there never was a people more good-humoured, more long-suffering, more easily pleased. To enjoy this tawdry annual turn-out they walk many miles from many distant places, always bringing the baby, and always giving that monarch his place of honour, whence the best view can be obtained. Of these myriads it is to be feared that many are out of work, that many have scarcely breakfasted, and know not where to get a dinner. Yet they are all wreathed in smiles, not scowling at better-dressed and more comfortable persons, not showing the slightest desire to take the advice of some ignorant London Socialists to the Skye crofters, not eager to tear down the telegraph wires and tear up the railways. A better conditioned multitude can nowhere be encountered, and almost all of them are quite sober. What a pity that so good a gallery should have pageants so few and so inadequate! Cannot we revive a Roman Triumph if we beat the MAHDI? Cannot we have Lord WOLSELEY painted red all over, as the Roman generals were on these occasions, and "looking," to quote an eminent archæologist, Mr. ANSTED, "quite new, and very shining and splendid, but with doubts at times whether it was altogether becoming, and particularly whether he should ever be able to get it off again." All this, and the white bull, and the chariot might be managed without the peculiarly Roman finish of butchering the prisoners in cold blood.

LORD LYTTON'S LETTERS.

THE decision of Vice-Chancellor BACON in the actions brought by the Earl of LYTTON to restrain the publication of his father's letters will not have surprised any lawyer, or even any person moderately acquainted with law.

But such points seldom arise, as may be gathered from the fact that the two cases on which the plaintiff's counsel relied were the case of Lord CHESTERFIELD and the case of POPE. The rule by which they are governed, and which the VICE-CHANCELLOR found no difficulty in applying to the circumstances before him, is as simple as it is important. Letters are the property of those to whom they are addressed. But they cannot be published without the consent of the writer. If, however, a man's character is aspersed, and he has in his possession letters which enable him to clear it, then he may use them for that purpose, though for no other. Now let us see how this plain and, as it seems to us, this very just principle bears upon the questions which the VICE-CHANCELLOR had to decide. There were two actions, one against Miss LOUISA DEVEY, the late Lady LYTTON's executrix, and the other against Messrs. SWAN & SONNENSCHN, printers and publishers. They were brought in consequence of certain extracts purporting to be taken from a forthcoming work, edited by Miss DEVEY, and published by the other defendants, which appeared, to the amazement of a good many people, in an evening journal last month. It is well known to every one who is interested in the subject, and to some who are not, that the late Lord LYTTON was not on good terms with his wife. Nine years after the marriage they separated by consent; and, although the husband survived the separation nearly forty years, and the wife more than forty-five, they were never again friends. Lord LYTTON appointed his son, the present EARL, executor; and his wife nominated Miss LOUISA DEVEY. Lady LYTTON many years ago wrote and published a book, of which the least said the better, giving her own view of her wrongs and of her husband's character. Her son brought out last year the first two volumes of a Life of his father; and it is in reply to statements alleged to be therein contained that Miss DEVEY claimed the right to lay the materials for her deceased friend's justification before the public.

The plaintiff's counsel argued, perhaps unnecessarily, that the letters were the actual property of the late Lord LYTTON, and passed to his executor. It was replied, and the VICE-CHANCELLOR held, that they belonged, after the separation to Lady LYTTON, to whom they were addressed. "But," said the VICE-CHANCELLOR, "the right to publish them is quite another thing; and that, in my opinion, does not exist. It is a strange notion that, because one man writes to another a confidential communication, the man to whom it was written has a general right to publish it to the world." Strange, indeed, but not altogether unknown, and one which it is very desirable should be authoritatively discountenanced. Such being the law, the case resolved itself into the question whether Lady LYTTON's memory had been so attacked by her son as to make it necessary that her reputation should, at all costs, be vindicated. On that point we have not the slightest doubt that all readers of Lord LYTTON's biography of his father will agree with the VICE-CHANCELLOR that he "never speaks of his mother otherwise than with perfect respect, and has made no charge whatever against her." The VICE-CHANCELLOR therefore granted an injunction, and the performance of the evening paper cannot be repeated on a larger scale. We think this is a matter for reasonable, and even hearty, satisfaction. The extracts to which we have already referred were devoid alike of literary merit and of legitimate personal interest. Too strong a protest cannot be made against the monstrous doctrine that anything may lawfully be published which a sufficient number of people are ready to buy. Men who thus argue are beyond the pale of argument. Imprisonment rather than refutation is the weapon with which the practical consequences of their theory would have to be fought. But as they have seldom the courage of their opinions, an injunction may suffice. Life would be intolerable if they were not suppressed in some way.

MINISTERS AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

AS was natural in a practised orator, and one specially versed in the art of conciliating an unfriendly audience, Lord GRANVILLE showed himself fully sensible of the advantage to be gained by studiously lowering the expectations of those whom he was addressing the other night at the Guildhall banquet. He had really nothing to tell them, and told them nothing; but, by preparing them for almost less than nothing, he succeeded in sending them away with a sort of indistinct notion that they had heard something.

It was a bold rhetorical stroke, to begin with, to declare that he "had often heard it assumed that it is a very frequent thing for the Prime Minister to profit by Lord Mayor's Day" to announce *urbi et orbi* some great development or "some startling change in his policy," although at the particular moment he "did not remember the exact instances of this being done." We, on our part, have the same difficulty in remembering exact instances of the assumption to which Lord GRANVILLE refers being made. To say nothing of the fact that by Lord Mayor's Day, as a rule, Ministers are but newly re-assembled in London, and the season of Cabinet Councils has only just begun, so that the moment is not, to say the least of it, a favourable one for "great developments and startling changes of policy," there is obviously no reason why, if any such announcement were necessary, it should not be made through any one of the other countless channels of communication open between Governments and their countrymen. It would be much nearer the truth, we believe, to say that, though the public look naturally to Ministers, when speaking on any conspicuous occasion of the sort, to give them the current Ministerial news of things in general, they do not, as a matter of fact, expect anything more. Indeed, if we remember rightly, the only Ministerial departure of late years from the rule of generalities at a Lord Mayor's dinner caused a good deal of surprise, and, among the speaker's opponents, a vast amount of half-real, half-pretended, scandal. We refer, of course, to Lord BEACONSFIELD's famous reminder, addressed to all whom it might concern, of the ability of the country to endure a protracted military struggle. These, however, were days when, instead of threats being politely described as warnings, warnings were naturally denounced as threats; Lord BEACONSFIELD'S "beware of entrance into a quarrel" was not as Mr. GLADSTONE'S; it differed as the bellicose spirit of the statesman who yet somehow or other contrived to save his country from a war with Russia, differed from the pacific instincts of the Minister who has yet somehow or other contrived to embroil his party in the most exacerbated political conflict which has occurred for years.

Since the occasion, however, to which we have referred, the public have neither heard, nor to the best of our belief, expected startling novelties on the 9th of November. But we own that they have been in the habit of looking for something more than they heard the other night. Lord HARTINGTON and Lord NORTHBROOK might, without too deeply committing themselves, have said a little more about Egypt, and the latter Minister a little more—though here, perhaps, non-committal would not have been quite so easy—about the condition of the navy. We are all of us of course interested to learn that the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY saw "one of those little boats" ascending the First Cataract, and that it really did it very nicely; but we would rather, perhaps, have heard him on the general Egyptian prospect, in so far as he could have discussed it without divulging those financial proposals to which Lord GRANVILLE afterwards referred for apparently only the gratuitous purpose of informing his hearers that he was not in a position to say anything about them. The main difference, indeed, between the FOREIGN SECRETARY and his two colleagues was, that the former, thanks to his exceptional skill in adapting himself to the needs of such occasions, contrived to leave no impression behind him of anything like reticence or constraint. He was copiously uncommunicative. Even his fluent and prolonged disquisition on the political crisis contained but one sentence of a definitely informing kind—that, namely, from which the public learned that Lord GRANVILLE went to Guildhall to repeat what Lord JOHN MANNERS was at nearly the same hour aptly characterizing as the invitation of the Liberal spider to the Conservative fly. "There must be 'some channel,' we are told, 'through which information' as to the Conservative views of redistribution 'might be conveyed to HER MAJESTY'S Government,'" and Lord GRANVILLE "believes that HER MAJESTY'S Government could in all probability, &c. &c." We cannot pretend to find much importance in a suggestion which had been already thrown out in Parliament, and was about to be repeated there in a more distinct form; and it has, as we have said, the nearest approach to a piece of definite information which the LORD MAYOR'S guests were permitted to enjoy. Ministers, in short—or, at any rate, Ministers out at dinner unchaperoned by the PREMIER—are obviously placed under strict obligations in the matter of discreet behaviour, and during the present week it has been more instructive to study their after-dinner speeches as revela-

tions of individual character than as the media of political information. Lord SELBORNE at the Guildhall, and Lord KIMBERLEY at the Colston celebration, have been, from this point of view, especially informing. One does not know which peer's attitude on the question of the hour is the more edifying, or which is the less consistent with the position in which the two Ministers jointly find themselves, as members of the Cabinet, responsible for the attempt to force an imperfect scheme of reform upon the Upper House. Perhaps the position of the LORD CHANCELLOR has a little the advantage in the pathetic aspect. As "Official President of the House of Lords," and "not in that character only, 'but from the bottom of my heart' (a sentence which would seem to imply that the official presidency of the House of Lords is incompatible, as such, with the virtue of sincerity), Lord SELBORNE 'desires to see maintained the 'just authority and true honour of that assembly'; a conflict between will and works which most painfully illustrates the dangers of getting into bad company. It would be most discourteous, and would, moreover, argue an imperfect acquaintance with human nature to doubt the sincerity of Lord SELBORNE'S desire, and we can only sympathize with him in his association with a policy which cannot be forced upon the Lords without severe injury to their 'just authority,' or voluntarily accepted by them without utter loss of their 'true 'honour.' But we cannot admit the adequacy of the CHANCELLOR'S ensuing declaration. 'If it is true,' he says, 'that either public liberty or private rights or good government will ever be promoted by the uncontrolled dominion and absolute power of a single Legislative Assembly, I have read history in vain.' This, however, is not, in our judgment, the true test of the futility of historical studies. The best proof of having vainly studied history is to have derived no instruction from it as a guide in action; and though it undoubtedly is not true that 'the uncontrolled dominion and absolute power of a 'single Legislative Assembly' is favourable to public liberty, private rights, or good government, we shall nevertheless venture to assert that Lord SELBORNE has, on this matter at any rate, 'read history in vain.'

Lord KIMBERLEY, at the Anchor Dinner at Bristol, appeared a little more firmly moored to the principles of Ministerial policy. He asked to say a few words about a House to which he, "unfortunately, he might say, had 'belonged the whole of his life.' " He said 'unfortunately,' not because he did not respect the House to which he 'belonged, but because any man would rather 'play to the 'greater audience.' " In this remark, however, Lord KIMBERLEY does injustice alike to his ingenuity and his opportunities. It is not impossible to play to the greater audience while remaining a member of the smaller company, as the speech he was in the act of making sufficiently shows. It is distinctly playing to a greater, and even to a higher, audience in the sense in which gods are above men, to describe the demagogues now clamouring against the Constitution as "some of our 'Radical friends who think that a system of one Chamber only would be the best one.' " The House of Lords, however, should no doubt be thankful that a peer who is on such excellent terms with their enemies can yet find "good and sound reasons for having two Houses." Still more reassuring is it to find him actually admitting that "the House of Lords might sometimes discharge an 'extremely useful function in not complying with the will 'of the House of Commons." But it is when he proceeds to elaborate this point that the position of Lord KIMBERLEY in the present Government begins to appear as curious and interesting as that of Lord SELBORNE. Among the occasions, it seems, when the Upper House may discharge this useful function is when "a measure has been brought 'in by a Government and well received at first, but 'during the discussion favour has been withdrawn, and 'the feeling of the country aroused against it, so that 'the measure is ultimately carried by a very small party. 'vote in the House of Commons." Which, however, we must ask, does Lord KIMBERLEY consider the essential part of the Lords' justification in "not complying" with the proposals of such a measure? Is it to be sought in the fact that the party vote in support of it in the House of Commons has decreased, or in the fact that the country has withdrawn its favour? If he replies, as of course he must reply, that the latter fact is the essential one, and that the former has no importance, except such as is implied in the assumption that the majority in the House of Commons

represents the country, we would then ask him what action it is the duty of the Lords to take when they are honestly of opinion that that assumption has ceased to be true? Or, suppose only that the country is equally divided in opinion on the merits of the Bill, and that the majority in the House of Commons is on that ground and to that extent a misrepresentation and delusion, what then? Lord KIMBERLEY's attempt to find a useful function of the House of Lords, like all others which proceed from a Minister assisting in an endeavour to paralyse and humiliate the House of Lords, is self-condemned to failure. Theoretically, he may attribute this, that, or the other useful function to the House of Lords; practically, he is engaged in overbearing the moral authority by virtue of which alone could it possibly exercise any useful function whatever.

DEAD GAME.

READERS of sporting journals seem never to tire of great sporting feats. Year after year, as each successive new departure in the calendar is reached, the columns of the *Field* and of every local journal teem with bags, splendid and moderate, made on the moors and stubbles. Owners and lessees of lodges are favoured with elaborate schedules and forms, which they are requested to fill up accurately with the tale of the first three or four days of the season, just as if they were the returns to be made to the tax-collector who duns them for inhabited house duty and sporting rates. Several of the contributors, we always observe, are careful to note that they were only out on the Twelfth or the First for a few hours, without explaining that they selected those hours of the day when the birds, according to the most accurate forecast, are likely to be on the move and when the scent is best. But nearly all practised penmen concern themselves with the birds on the wing, the performances of the dogs, and the skill or the tactics of the sportsmen in circumventing the game under trying circumstances. Very few say a word as to its ultimate destination. Every summer, to be sure, the Exhibition of the Royal Academy has pictures of "dead game," or of a gamekeeper or warrenor with hares and rabbits slung over his shoulder, tramping slowly to his cottage at the edge of the wood. Mr. Millais has not disdained to paint grouse in numbers on the brown heather or a string of wild ducks in his celebrated "Chill October." And Mr. Stuart-Wortley's two pictures are well known to all shooters. But we are told very little as to what becomes of all the slain heaps of feathers and fur. In the old days of four-horse coaches and steamers, it was not always that grouse from the North of Scotland found their way in good condition into remote and Southern English counties. Enterprising dealers might, indeed, calculate on the departure of a steamer from Aberdeen and Leith, and receive consignments of grouse not overkept, for the London market, during the warm days of August. But such experiments were attended with risk. Carriage by mail or coach was expensive, and in the last thirty years, when the railway had not gone beyond Perth, we have known a box of grouse cost more than a sovereign in its transit to Sussex. All this is now altered. Game is more abundant than ever. Transport by railway is certain, rapid, and cheap. A few words on the uses of the game larder and the kitchen may not be out of place in a season which, by general consent, has been one of the best known since 1872.

For some sportsmen, whether landlords or lessees, the subject ceases to have any interest almost as soon as the game-bags and the panniers are emptied, and their contents arranged in more or less of disorder. The sum total is roundly given, with allowance for a few extra head which the assistant-keeper has still in his bag, or which may be picked up on the morrow by a sagacious retriever; a languid and vague order is given to the effect that so many farmers are to have so many hares and rabbits, and that half-a-dozen boxes are to be packed early the next day to go by mail-cart and rail to friends east, west, and south. The remainder are transmitted, after the necessary reservation for the house larder, to some well-known dealer in Liverpool or London. And there the matter ends. How the birds are selected, packed, and sent off, the owner neither knows nor cares. But to others the day subsequent to a successful expedition calls up pleasurable feelings scarcely inferior to those experienced in the actual bringing down of the game. The airy, well-built, and well-shaded larder is opened by the master only, and a glance of pride is cast on the couples of grouse, black-game, partridges, and pheasants, like that which Roderick Dhu or his successors the Anglo-Saxon tenants of shooting quarters, cast on the living side of Benledi. The birds the evening before were carefully hung on nooses, not by their beaks, their legs well stretched and their ruffled plumage smoothed. And then comes a well-considered distribution of the spoil. The cook, in the expectation of gastronomic visitors, would be glad of mountain hares or elderly grouse for soup, as well as of young and tender black-game for the second course. The household, for a wonder, will really condescend to vary beef or mutton by curried rabbit or rabbit-pie. And, if the weather is dry and frosty, a certain proportion duly ticketed with the dates on which the birds were killed, may be allowed to hang. It is a mistake to suppose that an old cock-grouse, with black plumage on the breast shading off into brown, is uneatable. In

August and September, it is true, heat and moisture will not allow the bird to be kept. But in October and November the grouse that has escaped the gun for three years in succession, if kept for ten days has the best flavour. Then the inspection of the larder, always excepting those enormous bags which are counted by hundreds, recalls several touching incidents of yesterday's sport, and is bright by reminiscences of noble retrievers and magnificent doubles, or saddened by a consciousness of some unnecessary and untoward mishaps, muddles, or mistakes. This bird was spoilt by provokingly falling eouse into a wet ditch or peat moss; that was clawed by the Captain's retriever, a roving animal of an excitable nature and with a mouth like a spring trap; a third was knocked all to pieces by the jealous shot of the party who thinks, like Johnson's Swedish Charles, that nothing is gained while aught remains to be fired at; and a fourth is cast aside for the dunghill or the ferrets as betraying by its thin breast and gorged crop, unmistakable signs of internal disease. Each recollection of the proprietor is echoed or improved by the keeper, and this trusty pair discuss the capacity of each gunner, the performances of the new setter, and the weight and plumage of each bird, with comments not very unlike those of Isaac of York when he was counting out the tale of sequins handed over to him by Gurth in payment of Ivanhoe's horse and armour.

When the local wants of farmers, tenants, crofters, and household have been duly satisfied, absent friends may receive due consideration. There is a peculiarity about game which, we believe, attaches to no other sort of produce of the earth. It can be sent as a gift to persons of every class from the peer to the peasant, from the Lord-Lieutenant of the county or the ex-Viceroy to the sick cottager and the poor curate. Not that every one is to be treated alike or that the due gradations of society are to be wholly obliterated. Sydney Smith in one of his letters returned thanks to a friend who had sent him some game, humorously adding that a fowl would do very well for a Dissenter, but that for the orthodox dignity of the Church of England there was nothing but "the pheasant, the pheasant." Here a grave problem arises for thoughtful persons, especially at the commencement of the season, as to the destination of patriarchal red and black grouse and partridges. They cannot possibly be kept till they are tender. Are they to be sent off to some poor relation or officious friend who has unseasonably asked to be remembered, when his very existence was forgotten? Are the host and his household to weary their jaws on legs containing nothing but sinew, or breasts that no skill or sauce will make pleasant and palatable? Or what is to be done? One equitable principle, we hold, is that every box should contain its percentage of old and tough birds, and that the recipients must not quarrel with this arrangement, any more than shareholders in an unprofitable railway must put up with an allotment of stocks A and B. As much reason goes to the selection and packing of game as there goes to the roasting of eggs. Each bird ought to be carefully inspected and smoothed. The beak must be opened and filled with pepper, and the same condiment applied to places where the shot has told or the plumage has been slightly dragged. Boxes, it is scarcely necessary to add, can be made to order by the village carpenter to hold three, four, or six brace, as the case may demand. Recently the Parcels Post has been largely put in requisition, and with more or with less advantage to each recipient of the present. On the one hand, he receives three birds or four, instead of the annual box of four brace. On the other, he does not pay one farthing for the parcel. The sender in his turn, though he pays for the parcel stamp, saves the cost of the game box rarely less than fifteenpence, and has probably to pay for the mail-cart or local conveyance to the train. Few senders are so generous as to pay the cost of the railway carriage unless it be to constituents, and this, under the Corrupt Practices Act, might be highly inconvenient at some contested election.

When proper regard has been had to household, larder, relations, friends, and tenants, the remainder of the spoil may fairly be sent to the game-dealer. It is obvious that the market must be supplied somehow, and if owners are not in communication with the salesman, the latter has no resource but the habitual peacher or the dishonest keeper. When grouse in hundreds have been shot on the Yorkshire moors or pheasants cumber the ground in Norfolk, there is not the smallest reason why the surplus still on hand after all reasonable distribution should not go to Leadenhall or any other market. Most owners who keep up kindly relations with tenants and cottagers know perfectly well how, without legislation, to reconcile all these apparently conflicting claims and duties. But lessees are on a different footing, and we cannot too strongly reprobate the not uncommon practice of taking a moor or a shooting-box in the low country with an eye to profit and loss. The rent is heavy; the wages of keepers and watchers, even the very powder and shot, are taken into account; and the lessee and his contributaries and partners, after adding up the different items, try to recoup themselves not only by selling their surplus game, but by looking on every individual hare or pheasant as a possible contribution to the per contra of receipts. None but good shots are asked to join in the day's sport. Men warranted to miss often, or what is far worse to wound, if invited once are never invited a second time. Each bird, hare, or rabbit assumes the form of so much cash; and the temper of the speculative lessee is sorely tried by witnessing, as we may put it, three-and-sixpence vanishing through a thick hedge or in the cover of distant turnips with a broken leg, and a couple of half-crowns flying down wind out of

eight of the keenest marksmen, with shattered frames, to die unnoticed on the lands of a hostile neighbour. There is an end of legitimate sport and of a good understanding with farmer and cottager when all the choicest specimens find their way to the poulterer's. No hare ever makes soup for the good wife, and nothing in the shape of game is ever seen on the table at the Lodge except stray birds, with legs smashed to bits, the despair of the cook and the gastronome and the genuine sportsman's abhorrence.

One of the fallacies of the superior and advanced thinkers to whom we owe the passing of the Ground Game Act otherwise known as the Hares and Rabbits Bill, is that game, dead or alive, belongs only to the wealthy and the noble. The Blue Book on the game-laws, the result of an experienced Committee appointed when the Conservatives were in office, ought to dispel this notion. From the evidence of some of the largest salesmen and poulterers, it was clear that rabbits entered largely into the food of the working classes. It is of course no argument to say that crops are to be thinned and turnips nibbled till they decay prematurely in large arable tracts solely in order that the mechanic and the artisan may vary his meals of bacon or herrings by the purchase of a rabbit for about fifteenpence. But there are certain parts of England, Scotland, and Wales where this little rodent can be maintained in considerable numbers with the very slightest diminution of the sheep pasturage, for which and for which only, such areas are fitted. And there is happily a large and an increasing class of sportsmen who are both able and willing to anticipate or nullify restrictive legislation about game by refusing to keep up an artificial stock, and by observing those laws of production and maintenance which nature herself has rigidly prescribed and which she will never allow to be violated with impunity. To such the recurrence of each sporting season is associated with healthy outdoor recreation and exercise, as well as with presents of game which mollify the agriculturist, tempt the fastidious palate of the invalid, or are requitals of past kindnesses and civilities from equals and superiors which it is scarcely possible to acknowledge in any other way.

THE CHAMBERLAINIAD.

WE have no positive knowledge (less even than Mr. Grenfell) of that celebrated business which Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Chamberlain's father, or Mr. Chamberlain's ancestors (but surely not the sainted man of Black Bartholomew's Day?) are reported to have (or to have not) carried on with so much advantage to Mr. Chamberlain, and with so much disadvantage, as it is said (and denied), to Mr. Chamberlain's, or Mr. Chamberlain's father's, or Mr. Chamberlain's ancestors' competitors. We should not now allude to it if it had not formed the subject of a newspaper correspondence this week. Mr. Walter Wren says nobody believes the story, but Mr. Walter Wren is too much occupied in circumventing examiners, founding National Liberal Clubs, and occasionally courting constituencies which untoward circumstances forbid his representing, to have time to look into these little private scandals. All we can say is, that if you meet a robust provincial Liberal from one of the towns that are jealous of Birmingham, he will tell you the story with great relish before you have been long in his company. This, however, is neither here nor there—

The screws are rust (but some say they were wooden)

The screwmakers are dust;

The Lord knows where their souls are thrust—

if a parody of Coleridge's beautiful lines may be ventured on. But the legend is here referred to not merely because we shall have occasion to refer also to Mr. Grenfell's duel with Mr. Guinness Rogers, but because it is impossible not to think of commercial matters in connexion with one of the best advertised men in England. What would the late Mr. Holloway or the venerable Barry du Barry (whose name in the flesh men said was Lentil) have given for the immense and gratuitous publicity which Mr. Chamberlain is securing? In every corner of one newspaper this right honourable name meets one. You see "Charge of Perjury," and underneath you find (not, of course, as the defendant Mr. Chamberlain's name. You look under the editorial correspondence, and you find that some ancient Liberal is expressing, of course in more decorous terms, his earnest wish that Mr. Chamberlain would take himself to Bath, Jericho, or ailleurs. The *Pall Mall Gazette* (alas! a *Pall Mall Gazette*, how changed from that in which, not many months ago, Mr. Chamberlain's name was above every name!) hints broadly that Mr. Chamberlain, when he sneers at "junior Conservatives," forgets that he was once a junior Conservative himself. This is quite too horrid, and we take leave to regard it as a joke of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is true that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Derby—but let us not rip up old wounds. We do not believe that Mr. Chamberlain ever was a Conservative, and, what is more, we shall be sincerely sorry if it is shown that he ever was. All this, however, is keeping us from the real subject; for the truth is that Mr. Chamberlain is a subject so full of matter that when he is once "opened," to use a delightful phrase familiar to Nonconformists, "uses" of him simply jostle each other.

The present purpose is to suggest the composition of a regular Chamberlainiad. Mr. Chamberlain appears to keep several prose-writers; but we have not yet observed that he keeps a poet. Let him engage one; a poet with a good life at the insurance offices,

and equal to the composition of a Mahabharata, or at least a Shah Nameh. But, as we have mentioned the Shah Nameh, let us warn Mr. Chamberlain not to play any of those tricks with

Bleiches Silber, Silberthomans,

of which Heine has told us in imperishable verse anent the original Firdusi. Otherwise the poet (poets are terrible fellows) will be quite capable of writing a surreptitious edition of the poem in which that little story which Mr. Walter Wren does not believe, and the history of Mr. Chamberlain's fight with the shipowners and some other matters, will be treated in a manner quite contrary to epic rules. "The hero of an epic," said the immortal Rymer or somebody else, "ought always to be victorious." Now Mr. Chamberlain was not quite victorious in the matter of the shipowners, though it is undeniable that, according to the base and brutal legend (which Mr. Walter Wren does not believe, but which the robust provincial Liberals of towns that are jealous of Birmingham tell with &c.) he or his representatives were quite victorious in the matter of the screws. But, then, the conduct of the hero of an epic ought also to be irreproachable or only reproachable in such matters as the *Dido dux et Trojanus* business, where the heroes of epic have large and perhaps excessive license. Now, according to the legend which Mr. W. Wren, &c. &c. &c. the conduct of Mr. Chamberlain or his representatives in the ascending line, though legally faultless, was not—let us say not quite what you may recommend to a friend. Which last expression being De Quinceyish, brings us, by an easy suggestion, straight to the Aston business, wherein also the epic poet of the Chamberlainiad may haply find some difficulties. The proceedings being still *sub judice*, we shall say little of the great Mack and the truthful Smith, or even of the more tangible Reed, whose literary performances so delighted the Radicals a few days ago, and whom the person who took his Alfred David has such unaccountable difficulty in identifying. These persons stand in danger of the law, and of them we say, except indirectly, nothing. But Mr. Chamberlain—*Dieu merci*—is not in danger of any law. He is indeed in danger of subpoenas which the brutal minions of Tory hatred serve on him at the tenderest moments, even when he is going to his dinner. "Oh! the hard-heartedness of these inveterate persecutors," as another light of Nonconformity observed in a parallel case. It has indeed been remarked (but they were idle fools who remarked it) that the law is no respecter of persons, and that if Cabinet Ministers will make capital out of the depositions of the Macks, and the Smiths, and the Reeds of this fleeting world, it may well happen that they are served with subpoenas. At any rate, Mr. Chamberlain may comfort himself with the fact that some of his witnesses were not served with subpoenas, or with warrants, or with anything else. Reed, the great Reed, indeed appeared, but where was Smith, and where was Mack?

Et interrogatum est ab omnibus "Ubi sunt testes Domini Camerarii?"

Et responsum est ab omnibus "Non sunt inventi."

Let us trust that this is a calumny, and that Mr. Chamberlain's witnesses will yet be found. It remains unfortunately true that at present they are not. Our own belief is that the Tories have slain them privily. Tories will do anything.

So far, then, and we are careful to say only so far, and to keep the actual Aston evidence unnoticed that the majesty of justice may not be insulted, the Aston matter promises to be a little difficult for the epic bard. But it is quite open to any one

Arrayed in rosy skin and decked with eyes and ears,

(as Dr. Watts describes the human race in those delightful Odes the fame of which has been obscured by his far more commonplace Hymns) to believe, if he likes, that the fame of Mr. Chamberlain will come forth from the Aston matter more beautiful, if possible, than when it was plunged into that profound. The Rogers-Grenfell correspondence admits of none of these doubts, and is subject to none of these restrictions on free speech. It will come under the fytte or canto "How Mr. Chamberlain was hated of many wicked men in his own party." Mr. Grenfell must be a very wicked man indeed. Nobody that we know of, except Mr. Walter Wren, questions his Liberalism, so that he has both negative and positive titles to political respectability, and he has, unless we are very much mistaken, spoken strongly in favour of the Franchise Bill, which, if any man does, his Liberalism must be several degrees above proof in more senses than one. Now it so happened that the Rev. Mr. Guinness Rogers wrote to the *Daily News* to excommunicate the wicked Liberals who would not rally round Mr. Chamberlain when the Three Witnesses (who subsequently *non sunt inventi*) saved him from the paw of the terrier, even Lord Randolph Churchill. Mr. Chamberlain has several of these godly men who fight his battles for him with the result that the wicked, as Bunyan's Mr. Badman did in the case of his wife, "do taunt and reflectingly speak of [Mr. Chamberlain's] preachers." Mr. Badman in this case was the highly respectable Mr. Grenfell, who forthwith wrote to the *Daily News* some remarkably plain truths about Mr. Rogers and Mr. Chamberlain—truths which can hardly be said to have been upset by Mr. Rogers's and Mr. Wren's rejoinders. Far be it from us to interfere in these little quarrels of the Badman family. On the contrary, we sincerely hope that they will grow and flourish. When Mr. Rogers hints that as he toils and spins himself he views with the most Christian composure Mr. Chamberlain's remarks on the persons who do not toil and spin, and when the courteous Mr. Wren tells Mr. Grenfell that what he and his like think is "of

mighty little consequence" they are certainly fighting somebody's battle. A little more of this sort of thing and not merely most (as now), but all of the brains, manners, property, good feeling, and public spirit of the country will be on the side which says "Let us have this man to govern us, or that man, but at any rate let us not have people like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain." Between a league of this sort and an army privated by persons like the Three Witnesses, chaplained by Mr. Rogers, and officered by Mr. Wren, there ought to be a very pretty battle, which also may in its time figure in the Chamberlainiad, and make an additional, a memorable, and a final exception to the rule that heroes of epic ought to be victorious. But it is quite clear that the poet ought to lose no time in beginning to give his daily dreadful line to Mr. Chamberlain. Otherwise he will be simply overwhelmed with material. Our fingers itch to give an argument of the poem up to date—the Chamberlainian ancestors (including that celebrated one whom Professor Tyndall, another Liberal who, strange to say, does not like Mr. Chamberlain, has only been able to rival by going back a century or two further); the Great Screw Myth; the reorganization of Birmingham; the Woes of the Warning Pan (whom men call D-x-n); the rising of Mr. Chamberlain to higher things; the Abnegation of Dilkius; the sad episode of the fight with the Shipowners; the too temporary victory over Lord Randolph Churchill; the Hunting of the Witnesses. But at this point the merely epic song is drowned in full dithyrambic chorus:—

Et interrogatum est ab omnibus "Ubi sunt testes Domini Camerarii?"

Et responsum est ab omnibus cum cachinnatione undulante trepidante, "Non sunt inventi."

ST. BERNARDS.

IF the Hospice on the Great St. Bernard has become cockneyfied, the blame must not be laid upon either the monks or the dogs; nor is it the fault of the latter if many travellers' lies have been told about them. These splendid dogs are quite capable of maintaining their popularity on their own merits, without exaggerated tales of their adventures; and they distinguish themselves quite as much on a Persian rug before a drawing-room fire, as among glaciers, with legs of spirit fastened to their collars.

With some few and marked exceptions, the dogs of St. Bernard are amiable, good-tempered, and affectionate; but, besides being endowed with these characteristics, which are common to several other breeds, the St. Bernard is of all dogs the most courteous. Their characters vary sufficiently to make them interesting; but they nearly all have a certain charming "family manner," and, if one's favourite dies, it is generally easy to find one of his relations who will do all in his power to fill his place to one's satisfaction. For sport, in the strict sense of the word, they care little; but they dearly love a romp of any kind, and would rather run after a ball, a stick, or even their own tails, than after a rabbit. We once saw an enormous St. Bernard take a live mouse in his mouth, and, after carrying it for some time, put it down, when it ran away unhurt. St. Bernards are essentially "good" dogs. Indeed, many of them never commit the most venial sin. Some few, and very few, have a weakness for hares and sheep; but it is doubtful whether they would hurt them if they were to catch them, which they never seem to do. Even this fault can in most cases be cured by a little correction, which they usually take much to heart, and receive in the best spirit possible. Their saint-like natures may, however, be easily spoiled. A St. Bernard will not stand being put on a chain. Give him his liberty, trust him, make a friend of him, and he will rival the very monks that reared his race in his gentleness; chain him up, and he will become a perfect Cerberus. A certain fine St. Bernard was celebrated for his charming manners, and was beloved both by rich and poor. During the absence of his master he was for some time chained in a yard. At last his master sent for him, with orders that he was to travel in the guard's van. The dog was moody and sullen during the early part of the journey, but when the guard began to put on the brake, the brute flew savagely at him, and, if his chain had been a few inches longer, would undoubtedly have worried him. The poor beast's temper had gone for ever, and he had to be destroyed shortly afterwards.

St. Bernards often have very large litters. We know of one which had a litter of sixteen, twelve of which were reared with the help of sucking-bottles and wet-nurses. If we say that St. Bernard puppies are more engaging than the young of any other animal, the statement may seem a rash one, but it is at any rate much truer than many of those that have been made about St. Bernards. Their mothers, too, unlike most of their genus, are very amiable over their young families, welcoming visitors with evident pride. Young St. Bernards thrive best when reared in a house, or when allowed to come into one several times during the day. They go on growing until they are two years old, and sometimes afterwards. Unfortunately they are not long-lived dogs, and, if they become ill, they often die very suddenly, when they are mourned with bitter wailing.

We have said much in favour of our favourite breed of dogs; but no living creatures are without their imperfections; and we now proceed with much pain and reluctance to whisper a distressing truth about St. Bernards. It is that they are mongrels. We say it with tears; but so it is. Whether the monks took any large dog they could get to the Hospice when they ran short, or whether they have purposely crossed the breed occasion-

ally in order to strengthen it, we cannot say; but their breed of dogs certainly comes under the shameful class which we have just named. No one would call a human family of the purest lineage if some of the children were white, with long flaxen hair, and others of the deepest brown, with black woolly heads. Yet, as everybody knows, St. Bernards are divided at shows into two classes, the rough and the smooth, the former having long, rough, and rather open coats, and the latter short, close, smooth coats. A few years ago the champion dogs in each of these classes were own brothers. One of them was of a rich orange colour, with a few white markings, and the other was more the colour of a foxhound. In most litters some of the puppies are rough and some smooth, and they vary a good deal in colour. As to colour, indeed, although there is a certain standard, a wide margin is allowed. A St. Bernard may be white with a coloured ear or mark, or entirely orange coloured, or brown and orange, or orange with white markings, or brindled with white markings, or fawn-coloured and white. He may be of a very dark brown, but he must not be entirely black, or entirely white, or black and white. We once had a St. Bernard, imported from the Hospice, as smooth as a foxhound, and we had another, which also came from the Hospice, covered with soft, long, curly wool. One was brindled, and the other was of a rich orange colour, with black and white markings. Visitors to a show of St. Bernards can scarcely fail to be struck by the great difference in the appearance of the dogs, and yet only the most typical of the St. Bernards bred are sent for exhibition. Even among these it is impossible to avoid being reminded, however indistinctly, of mastiffs, of Newfoundlands, of foxhounds, of collies, of boar-hounds, of wolf-hounds, and of retrievers; and this fact must necessarily make a St. Bernard show more or less vexatious to a real lover of the breed. But while fully admitting the great differences in coat and colour to be found among true St. Bernards, we do not for a moment allow that all the divergences usually seen at a St. Bernard show exist in the real breed. Numbers of dogs have been imported from the Continent as St. Bernards which have very moderate claims to that name. Dogs have been bought at the Hospice by Swiss farmers and others, and then crossed with other large breeds, the produce being sold as pure St. Bernards. Some of these have found their way to England, and the magic word "imported" is generally considered sufficient proof that a dog is of the purest St. Bernard blood, without any further credentials or pedigree. This is probably one of the causes of our seeing such curious specimens at our St. Bernard shows, and, while it is an evil against which both breeders and judges should be on their guard, it indirectly affords a grain of comfort to admirers of St. Bernards, as it accounts for the appearance of some of the suspicious-looking curs which would otherwise make one lose all faith in the breed.

A St. Bernard should have a broad, massive head, and his nose, from the eye to the nostril, should be rather short than long. Yet his expression should be gentle and amiable, with nothing "bull-doggish" about it. The body should be even and well-proportioned. Too many St. Bernards are weak-loined or narrow. The legs should be as well formed as those of a foxhound, although it is rare to find them so, and they should be large and muscular. Double dew-claws are considered a beauty in this breed, and are allowed extra points in judging at a show. The monks liked their dogs to have these double dew-claws, because they offered more resistance in soft, newly-fallen snow, and therefore prevented the feet from sinking so deeply as they would otherwise have done. With regard to colour, as we have already said, great latitude is allowed; but the correct colour is a dark orange, with a white blaze down the forehead, a white collar round the neck, a white chest, white feet, and a white tip to the tail. A few black markings on the head are rather liked by judges, and if the whole under-body is white, so much the better. The coat should be either very rough or very smooth, betwixt and between being out of favour. Moreover, it should be even; a rough, lion-like head and neck, with a smooth body, or a smooth head and body with a bushy or flag-like tail, are much disliked by good judges.

One of the most celebrated St. Bernards was the monks' dog Barry, about whom many wonderful stories are told. His body is now in the museum at Berne. A descendant of his, Mr. Macdon's Tell, a rough-coated dog, who was born twenty years ago, might almost be called the father of the modern St. Bernard mania in England. His half-brother, Monarque, a smooth-coated dog born a couple of years later, was bred at Berne, and came to this country soon after Tell. Mr. Stone's Barry, also a descendant of the celebrated Barry, came to England before either Tell or Monarque were born, and if not so well known as either, was not the less an important sire. A good many St. Bernards were imported from the Hospice between 1860 and 1870, most of them being descendants of the dogs Souldan and Hero, and of the bitches Diane and Juno, all pure Hospice St. Bernards. About 1870, a rough-coated dog called Thor came from Switzerland. This dog was out of Diane and a grandson of Souldan, and therefore very nearly related to Monarque. He became so popular that his stock superseded that of Tell and Monarque in general favour. In 1876 a rough-coated dog called Barry was imported by Mr. S. W. Smith from Switzerland. He was by Bellow, out of Venus, and he won ninety-two prizes and cups. But the most famous St. Bernard of late years has been Mr. Macdon's champion Bayard, who is descended from Thor on both sides, and is consequently of the already mentioned Souldan and Diane blood.

This blood is even more strongly represented in his enormous son Boniface, whose dam was a daughter of Thor's, so that he is trebly descended from Souldan and Diane. In size St. Bernards vary almost more than any other breed, but sometimes they are immense. A dog called Plinlimmon, eighteen months old or less, weighed only 2 lbs. under 14 stone, at the late St. Bernard show at Knightsbridge, and measured 43 in. round the chest.

English breeders have fairly beaten the monks of late. At the Hospice on the Great St. Bernard the dogs do not often grow very large, nor are the good monks quite so critical as the judges in the show-ring at Knightsbridge. The Capuchins at the Hospice on the St. Gothard used to have dogs very like St. Bernards, and generally known as St. Bernards, but their breed was less famous. At the Hospice on the Simplon the monks sometimes had a dog or two from the Great St. Bernard. Both rough- and smooth-coated dogs are used in the snow, but the monks upon the whole prefer the latter, as there is a thick felt-like undergrowth in their coats, which makes them less susceptible of cold. But in this country St. Bernards are exposed to no hardships of this kind; their life is an easy one, and the rough are the most popular. At the last show there were 247 entries, and there are probably better specimens of St. Bernards in England than in any other country. Moreover they go on improving.

We cannot close our article without congratulating the Committee that manages the great St. Bernard Show in the Knightsbridge Riding-school. The late exhibition was in every sense a success, and it gave great pleasure to thousands of people. St. Bernards certainly deserve a show to themselves, and they have got one, and a good one, too. The catalogue is quite a St. Bernard stud-book in itself, and it shows the pedigrees in a manner well worthy of imitation in the stud-books proper. Best of all, the judging was everything that could be wished.

YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP AT THE COURT THEATRE.

FEW plays have been founded upon so weak and trivial a plot as that which forms the basis of Mr. Bronson Howard's *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, the novelty—so far as England is concerned—at the Court Theatre. It may be regarded, from the common-sense standpoint, as the unromantic story of a cold-hearted and unamiable heroine. It often happens that the dramatist finds it convenient to adopt a view of the situation which is not the correct view. This is the case here. Mr. Bronson Howard would persuade us that Young Mrs. Winthrop and her husband constitute one of the innumerable couples that do not understand each other when no real ground for misunderstanding exists; that their truer union, the breaking down of an imaginary barrier between them, is a desirable object. This object is gained, and the dramatist regards his play as made. He does not quite comprehend what an extremely disagreeable woman his heroine is. Winthrop, a rich man keen in the pursuit of further wealth, is somewhat neglectful of his home. His wife has no further grievance against him, except that she disapproves of his visits to the house of a certain lady, Mrs. Dunbar, whom she herself is accustomed to meet. He in turn disapproves of her association with this lady and others who are not, on the one hand, very desirable friends, nor, on the other, representatives of Olivier De Jalin's *pêches à quinze sous*. In fact, it is strictly on his wife's account that Winthrop pays the visits to Mrs. Dunbar, for she, in some way not explained—a way no doubt exceedingly difficult of explanation—can rescue his wife's brother from some awkward pecuniary scrape. In his search for effect the dramatist has hit on the extreme and painful expedient of killing the Winthrops' only child, a little girl four years old. Before this fatal event happens, Winthrop's eyes having been opened by his mother to the fact that his wife considers herself neglected, he has made the frankest confession of his fault, and the sincerest promise of amendment. She refuses the proffered reconciliation; the child dies, but her hard heart is not softened. Winthrop goes to England—the scene is laid in New York—returns to make arrangements for separation, but is united to his wife by a friendly old lawyer, Buxton Scott, who has been requested to draw up the necessary deeds, and successfully endeavours to make these deeds waste parchment. What would come to pass if an additional act were written to any given play wherein the *dramatis personæ* survive the fall of the curtain is always an interesting speculation. Here the chances are that the Winthrops would very soon again stand in need of Mr. Buxton Scott's kind offices, and that the lawyer would perceive the futility of employing them. A woman who could resist the appeal described, who could harden her heart against the father of her only child when it lay dead—she having on the night of its death stayed late at a ball to which her husband begged her not to go—is the reverse of an estimable character. It is the mention of the child's grave that leads to the reunion of the parents. There is one little plot of ground that cannot be divided, their old friend says, in a scene which is pretty enough in its way, and which will be profoundly touching to many spectators; but, if Young Mrs. Winthrop could prolong her aimless resentment to this point, there must always have been a danger of a fresh outburst. The play is obviously suggested by the well-known lyric, "As through the land at eve we went," interpolated into *The Princess*. The husband and wife in these verses "kissed again with tears" when they came to their child's grave; but there is no suggestion that when the child was taken from them

any enmity had reigned. Young Mrs. Winthrop is not a sympathetic character, and Miss Marion Terry cannot make her appear so. The reminiscences of their early days which, artfully originated by the lawyer, lead to the reconciliation, are crudely given so far as Miss Marion Terry is concerned. She is all too ready to be led into the vein. Mr. Conway's performance of the husband is far more to the purpose. This actor has of late shown an amount of sensibility by which his representations were not formerly marked. His range of character, moreover, seems to be considerable. The part of the honest, affectionate husband differs from the class of personage Mr. Conway is usually called upon to present, but the good qualities which serve him elsewhere, and have been notably prominent of late, are here turned to excellent account. Winthrop's bearing to his wife is manly and tender. He is specially good in the portrayal of suppressed emotion. The indication of deep feeling, the quivering lip and clenched hands, are all the more forcible because of the actor's reticence. Another part admirably played is that of the elder Mrs. Winthrop by Miss Lydia Foote. A maternal grace that is very charming, singularly real and sincerely sympathetic, pervades this assumption. Miss Foote has done many things well, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre when at its best, and elsewhere, but perhaps nothing better than this. Mr. Bronson Howard has tacked on to his play a married couple and a pair of lovers. Of the latter one is blind. There is no reason why she should be so—no reason, that is to say, which bears upon the play; but Miss Norreys acts with much delicacy and grace. The married lady is afterwards a divorced lady, and then a volatile creature who elopes with her second husband, from whom she had been legally parted during a temporary residence in Connecticut, where divorce is cheap and easy—incompatibility of temper is enough. The experienced playgoer will perceive in this a part made to suit Mrs. John Wood. Who filled it at the Madison Square Theatre we do not remember. It is difficult to imagine any one except Mrs. Wood as Mrs. Dick Chetwyn, and this implies a high compliment. The author has also shown remarkable wit and adroitness in so neatly fitting his exponent. Mr. Arthur Cecil is usually successful in the representation of age, and his genial old lawyer, Buxton Scott, is neatly and carefully done. The structure of the play does not bear investigation, nevertheless the impression left by *Young Mrs. Winthrop* is not unpleasant. The comedy scenes are capital, and some episodes of a graver nature are likely to please many spectators because they deal with the species of sentiment that most people can thoroughly realize.

A GERMAN QUARREL.

WHILE the tempest of the elections has been passing over Germany, a very pretty little storm has been raging with even greater violence in the teacup of the Berlin University. It is a matter of no importance to the outside world, it is true; but still it throws a light upon the nature of German professors which an ill-humoured critic might be inclined to consider characteristic. Some time ago the health of Prince Bismarck was so bad that not only his relations and his fellow-countrymen, but all Europe, regarded it as a matter of some anxiety. Several distinguished physicians had been consulted in vain, when a doctor unknown to fame appeared upon the scene, and promised to work a perfect cure if his instructions were followed to the letter. The offer was accepted, the treatment proved successful, and the joy of the nation was great. Every one felt that the successful practitioner deserved well, not only of his patient, but of his country.

So far the story reads like the beginning of one of those delightful old romances with which we are so familiar. All the old characters are there—the sick but mighty potentate, the puzzled doctors, the expectant people, the interesting stranger—even the marvellous cure is as duly wrought as if Varzin were the capital of Fairyland; and nothing remains to complete the story but that the doctor should be asked to name his reward. Prince Bismarck evidently felt that this was the case, and he was equal to the occasion. If an Englishman had seen the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them thus extended beneath his feet, probably the very last thing he would have thought of selecting would have been a professorship in the University of Berlin. Yet such was Dr. Schweninger's choice, and it proved to be as unfortunate as it was modest. It would have been as ungracious for the Imperial Chancellor to refuse the request as for the King of France to thwart the wish of Helena. But, unfortunately, in both cases there was a third party interested in the matter, and the medical faculty has shown itself as loth as Count Bertram.

They cannot love him, nor will strive to do 't.

That was the only reply of the Herrn Professoren.

We do not know what the cause of their aversion is. Nothing can be further from them than to feel any jealousy of a man who has worked an unexpected cure in a way contrary to the rules of their art—or, as the old Germans used to say, their mystery—unless it be the suspicion that they had long fixed their eyes on the chair now vacant as a pleasant seat for one of their personal friends. On the contrary, they are the heroic defenders of the science, the disinterested guardians of the youth of Germany. In the older Universities of that country the Senate or the single faculties possess the chartered right of filling up their own numbers, subject only to the veto of the Government. In the more modern Universities this is not the case; but it is customary to consult the professors before an appointment is made. In the

case of Dr. Schweninger either their advice was not asked, or it was not taken. They have, therefore, like Bertram, a very plausible ground for dissatisfaction; but unfortunately, like him, they have sacrificed the sympathies they might otherwise enjoy by venting on their new colleague the rage they dare not show to his protector.

Here the romance ends and the farce begins. Dr. Schweninger, in accordance with German etiquette, at once proceeded to call on the members of the faculty to which he now belonged. Among these was Professor Dubois-Reymond, and two cards were left at his door. On seeing them the great man was overcome by a "fine frenzy," and, with the tact and magnanimity he displayed in such a remarkable way during the war with France, when he prefaced his lectures by a request that the students would pardon his French name, he returned the cards to the donor. No one can wonder that Dr. Schweninger felt more surprise than pleasure at receiving them; but why he should have abandoned all the advantages of his position and risen to the height of the mock heroic situation is a question difficult to answer. He did so, however, and despatched a friend to demand either an explanation or vengeance. With the former the Professor was prepared. If his new colleague had desired to see him on business matters he should have left a single card, in which case he would have met him in the office of the Physiological Institution. The two cards plainly indicated a desire to be admitted to social intercourse with his family, a pretension he must gently but firmly resist. It is easy to conceive the conscious superiority with which Herr Dubois-Reymond produced this little scrap of social knowledge, but it did not entirely satisfy or overawe Dr. Fuchs, Dr. Schweninger's representative; he demanded that the explanation should be given in writing, and that a declaration should be added to the effect that no offence was intended. When this was refused, he proceeded to challenge the Professor in due form. On this Herr Dubois-Reymond effected a masterly retreat. Abandoning the heights of social etiquette, he at once took his stand on those of pure morality. He had always been opposed to the duel on principle, and his age and his position justified him in refusing satisfaction. On this Dr. Fuchs seems to have lost his temper, like the other heroes of the farcical drama, and to have used strong language, after which he was ejected from the house, whether by social, moral, or physical force is not quite clear. The medical faculty, however, approve the action of their colleague, and have resolved, it is said, to hold no social intercourse with Dr. Schweninger. Now all this is excellent fooling, conceived in the true spirit of dear old Hans Wurst, who is always amusing, since you can laugh at his fatuity as heartily as his wit. We rejoice to see him once more in the academic dress he wore with such grace in the old puppet play, and to perceive that, with all his dignity, he is still prepared to spring from pillar to post and from post to pillar, with the best of our modern puppets. He can still plan an insult and refuse a duel as well as the cleverest knight and the holiest monk in the piece. He can adopt, in a way all the funnier because it is somewhat mechanical, the pose of a professor or a courtier. He is always delightful; there is so much human nature in the little wooden figure.

But to return to the romance with which we began. If the gifted Doctor could be shown to be a magician in disguise, who performed a single good action only to procure the means of ruining thousands of souls, of course the case would be altered, and instead of receiving a reward, he would have to be burned in the market-place. This seems to be the plea that the *Germania* is inclined to advance. Under the authority of a certain newspaper, which it designates B. C.—one of those mysterious symbols in which German editors delight, and which the most conscientious of their foreign readers often find it impossible to decipher—it asserts that Dr. Schweninger has been condemned to and suffered four months' imprisonment. The reason is not given. Now it is far more easy to gain admittance to a German than an English prison; and to have passed a holiday there in many cases involves no social disgrace, as many of the political adherents of the *Germania* have the best reason to know. Whether Prince Bismarck's physician was ever unfortunate enough to share the fate of those reverend men we cannot say; but the suggestion that he aspires to a professorship chiefly for the purpose of seducing the medical students of Berlin from the paths of rectitude is too bold and ingenious to remain unnoticed. It perhaps explains the fact that a large number of those innocent and guileless youths assembled for the express purpose of interrupting the new Professor's first lecture, a pious intention which Dr. Schweninger cruelly frustrated by remaining quietly at home.

PARSIFAL AT THE ALBERT HALL.

IT may be frankly confessed that, however glowing or profound the impression produced by *Parsifal* as a music-drama at Bayreuth, its effect as an oratorio at the Albert Hall is neither edifying nor satisfactory. This, we take it, is no more than might have been expected. The work was written for the stage; it was even written for the stage in such a way as to make its presentation an impossibility apart from scenic accessories and appliances; and, in the absence of these, it was necessarily no more than half itself, and had but half its proper lustre. For this Wagnerites are themselves to blame. What is called Wagnerism is not so much

an art as a combination of all the arts (sculpture excepted) to a certain end. The words are but the skeleton of the music, the music is inseparable from the words; words and music in concert are but an occasion for acting and singing; and acting and singing are of no avail unless they are produced on a background of scenery, and supported and completed by a decoration compacted of equal parts of machinery, costume, and illumination. This being the case, it is not easy to say why *Parsifal* was produced for the first time in England, not at Drury Lane or Her Majesty's, but at the Albert Hall; not as a stage-play, but as a novel kind of oratorio; not as an example of "music-drama"—which is, as we have said, a combination of all the arts excepting sculpture—but as an essay in the single art of music.

That it failed to please under such conditions was inevitable. The story is rather epic than dramatic; the personages are rather typical and mythic than individual and human; the incidents are none of them of such a kind as can be expressed in music pure and simple and without the aid of material means. Herr Wagner's stage directions are exceedingly full and graphic, it is true; but no amount of stage direction, however eloquent and minute, will compensate for the lack of acting and scenery. "From all sides," writes Herr Wagner, "from the garden and the palace, rush in many courses lovely damsels, first singly, then in numbers; their dress is hastily thrown about them, as if they had been suddenly startled from sleep." This, with the rest of the act, is adapted from Gluck's *Armida*, and, of course, is excellent; but we want to see the lovely damsels, and to follow them in their many courses. Herr Wagner meant that we should do so, or he would have written music *ad hoc*—music more descriptive and suggestive, and more luxurious and enchanting besides, than he has thought fit to introduce at this point in *Parsifal*. He counted on the presence of the damsels in flesh and blood; they were an integral element in his work, and he made use of them in that capacity; just as he made use of the words of his poem and the sounds of his orchestra. It is the same when we read of Kundry's second appearance. "There is now visible," says the book, "a youthful female of exquisite beauty—KUNDREY, in entirely altered form—on a flowery couch, and in light drapery of fantastic, somewhat Arabian, fashion." This is excellent, too; but what we want, and what Herr Wagner means us to want, is Kundry in person, youthfulness, exquisite beauty, light drapery, Arabian fashion, and all. Where is the use of telling us that *Parsifal* (Arabic "Fal parsî" = "pure fool") "always earnestly, finally terribly, affected, sinks down at KUNDREY's feet, painfully overpowered?" or that he "starts up suddenly with a gesture of intense terror," while "his looks alter fearfully," and "he presses his hands tightly against his heart, as if to repress an agonizing pain," till "finally he bursts out"? Where is the use of reading how he remains before us, "still in a kneeling posture, gazing blankly up at Kundry, while she stoops over him with the embracing movements which she describes in the following"? How are we to conceive an "altar-like, longish marble table," unless we have it brought before our bodily eyes? how, save with the stage-carpenter's aid, of "a mighty hall, which loses itself overhead in a high vaulted dome, down from which alone the light streams in"? how, without property man and machinist, of "Klingsor's magic castle," where "stone steps lead up to the battlemented summit, and down into darkness below the stage, which represents the ramparts," and all around are "magical implements and necromantic appliances"? These things are of the stage, stagey; and, as we have pointed out, they are essentials in Herr Wagner's artistic practice. To him they meant a very great deal; they were component parts in his work; he never dreamed of achieving his effects without them; he is minute, particular, almost pedantic, in his descriptions of them. It is easy to estimate the importance he attached to them, both as parts of his whole invention and as elements in its successful presentation. It is obvious that he was wiser than his disciples, and a great deal better acquainted with the strength and weakness of his peculiar theory, and the capacities and limitations of his work. As he saw his *Parsifal*, it was a gigantic piece of symbolism, made for the stage, and for the stage alone, but so lofty in aim and so ennobling in function that he did not scruple to include in its scheme, not only the dramatic expression of the highest mysteries of life and death, but visible and tangible representations of events so sacred as the Lord's Supper, and associations so moving and solemn as those connected with the repentance of Mary Magdalene. To his disciples, it is all this and something more; it is also a work for the concert-room, that is, and as capable of due effect therein as in the theatre itself. The event has shown which of the two opinions is the right one.

Of the dramatic and musical qualities of the complete *Parsifal* we have already spoken on the occasion of its production at Bayreuth. For the present, therefore, we have simply discussed the reasons of its comparative failure in another guise, and demonstrated the injustice done to Herr Wagner's work by its expression under alien conditions, and in another set of terms than those which were formulated by the author. It only remains for us to take notice of the performance under Mr. Barnby. This, in many ways, was capital. Mr. Barnby is evidently improving. He had got his band and chorus into excellent form; his attack was firm, his beat both spirited and exact; the choral and orchestral parts were rendered under his direction with real intelligence and sympathy. Mrs. Hutchinson, as the First Esquire

and as the leader of a group of Klingser's Flower Maidens, sang admirably, and took the lion's share in the success—such as it was—of her principal scene. Herr Gudehus, as Parsifal, was limp, spiritless, and ineffective—the average Wagnerian tenor; on the other hand, Herr Scaria, as Gurnemanz, approved himself not only a singularly competent vocalist, but a faultless interpreter of Wagner's music. All the same, the honours of the evening remain with Fräulein Malten, who sang and declaimed the music of Kundry with great dramatic force and a vocal skill which was really remarkable.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

FOR the first ten months of the current year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, the Board of Trade returns show a decrease in the value of the imports into the United Kingdom of over 29 millions sterling, or 8½ per cent.; and for the month of October alone the decrease is nearly 4½ millions sterling, or about 13½ per cent. At first sight, then, the condition of trade seems to be growing worse, since the proportionate decline is greater in October than in the ten months; but, on looking closer into the matter, we find that this is not so. For the whole of the ten months trade has been bad; but the diminution in the value of the imports was very slight in January, February, July, and September; while there was actually an increase in the month of March. But the falling off was very great in April, June, August, and October; being, however, somewhat less in October than in the three other months named. All that we can truly say, therefore, is that the decline in the value of the imports has been almost continuous throughout the ten months; but that it has varied considerably from month to month, and it has been serious in October. In respect to the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures, the decrease for the ten months is a little under 3½ millions sterling, and amounts to the proportion of nearly 1½ per cent. For October alone it is nearly three-quarters of a million sterling, and not far short of 3½ per cent. There is thus evidence of depression in both the imports and the exports; but the falling off in value, both absolute and relative, is much greater in the imports than in the exports. Indeed, while the falling off in the case of the imports appears in nine out of the ten months, in the case of the exports it is observable in only four months. It may be roughly said, then, that, while we are buying from our foreign customers much less than we have been purchasing for several years past, we are selling to them as much as ever. The fall in prices makes the actual value sold for the ten months somewhat less; but the quantity is quite as great, and perhaps even greater. In the case of the imports, however, there is a decrease in quantity as well as in value. When we look still more closely into the figures we find ground for much satisfaction in the case of the imports. Roughly, we may say that about four-fifths of the decrease is in articles of food and drink. We have been favoured with such good harvests both this year and last year that we have needed to buy from other countries less wheat than for several years previously. Our own soil has given us so much more food than we have needed less from others, and we have got that less at a considerably reduced price. Moreover, the harvests of all the world have been so good that they have been able to sell to us at very much lower prices. For less money we have obtained as much as we wanted of all the necessities and luxuries of life. This is an unmixed advantage to the community taken as a whole, and in the long run it must bring about an improvement in trade; but at first its effect upon the trading classes is very trying. In the first place, the fall is not confined to articles of food and drink and the raw materials of manufactures; it extends to the manufactures themselves. The trading classes, therefore, if they have to pay less for what they buy, on the other hand get less for what they sell, and thus, so far as they are concerned, the advantage of low prices is neutralized. Moreover, as they have to buy the raw materials of their manufacture long before they sell the manufactured goods, the raw materials are bought at a relatively high price, and consequently the result of the fall in prices is either a great diminution of their expected profits or their total disappearance. Thus a period of falling prices inflicts great losses upon people engaged in trade, and for awhile seems to be ruinous to trade; but after awhile the fall comes to an end; then again profits reappear, and when prices begin to rise the trading classes recover the losses they have previously suffered. In the meantime the great fall in prices stimulates consumption. People with fixed incomes more particularly and the very poor are able to obtain more of what they consume than at previous times. The demand for these things therefore increases, and increased sales make up to some extent to the trading classes for the losses they have previously suffered. Then prices begin to rise, and with the rise, as manufacturers have bought raw materials at the very lowest prices, they get enhanced profits, and thus recoup themselves for their previous losses.

As for the causes of the fall in prices which has brought about the great depression that we witness, they are plain enough. Firstly, our own shipbuilders constructed too many ships. The rapidity with which improvements in naval construction are being introduced compels the building of a great many ships every year; but as the old type of ships is not worn out, it continues to compete with the new, though at a considerable disadvantage. The result, however, is that the competition becomes excessive; that freights are beaten down; that shipowners lose their profits,

and very often are unable to pay for the new ships they have ordered; that these new ships are laid up idle, or else have to be sold at a great sacrifice, and that both shipbuilders and shipowners suffer heavy losses. After awhile the excess of new ships has compelled the stoppage of shipbuilding; men have been discharged in large numbers, and the shipbuilding districts have fallen into distress. The depression of the shipbuilding trade has brought about depression in the iron and coal trades; and thus the check to prosperity has extended from one industry to another. In the United States, as our readers are aware, the same over-construction has been going on in the case of railways. The stoppage of railway building has led to the stoppage of ironworks and coal-mines, and thus, as here at home, but in a much more intense degree, depression has spread all over the country. In France, again, the wild speculation that ended in the collapse of the Union Générale led to widespread distress and suffering. In a word, the chief commercial countries of the world just now are engaged in liquidating the bad business accumulated during the speculative period we have passed through. Another cause of the present depression is the too great extension of the production of food and of the raw materials of manufacture. As we ourselves are unable to grow enough food, all the new countries of the world have set themselves to produce food for us. First Russia and the Danubian countries were our principal sources of supply. Then American competition gained upon Russia, and now the competition of India, Australia, and South America is telling severely upon America. The result is that the supply of wheat is for the moment greater than the consumption; and prices are falling all over the world. And what has happened in the case of wheat has happened more or less in almost every other article of consumption. Sugar, for example, is produced in such excessive quantities that the price of sugar has fallen lower than it has ever been before. The too keen competition in shipbuilding, railway-building, wheat-growing, sugar and coffee growing, and the like, has been aggravated by the protective policy adopted by so many countries. In Germany, for instance, the production of sugar is stimulated by bounties upon exports; but the consumption of sugar at home is restricted by the enormously heavy taxation imposed. Thus, with one hand the German Government is offering premiums to sugar-growers and sugar-manufacturers, while with the other hand it is preventing its own people from using as much sugar as they would like to do by such taxation as keeps the article excessively dear. These great permanent causes of depression are aided by temporary causes, such as the outbreak of cholera in Europe, and the hostilities between France and China in the Far East. Lastly, the rise in the value of money is also telling upon trade. While the commercial classes are holding their ground only by increasing their turnover and by lowering their prices, the sudden advance in the rate of interest in the short-loan market increases their difficulties by obliging them either to restrict the amount of capital they employ or else to pay for the use of that capital such a heavy rate as takes away whatever chance of profit previously appeared.

As regards the immediate future the prospects are not very bright. The outbreak of cholera in Paris, bringing it so near to our own shores; the increased severity of the quarantine regulations by several of the neighbours of France; and the disorganization of business in France itself thereby, all undoubtedly tend to increase the present depression. The failures in the sugar trade in Amsterdam, following so close upon those in Vienna, are likewise disquieting. Moreover, the drain of gold from Europe to the United States is unfavourable to trade. Whatever may be the reason that prompts these large and continuous shipments of the metal to New York, the impression prevails that the state of business in New York is very critical, that we may expect a crash there, and, consequently, that it is incumbent upon all who have business relations with the United States to observe extreme caution. Furthermore, the knowledge that, in consequence of the fall of prices both in commodities and in Stock Exchange securities, very heavy losses have been suffered, makes people very suspicious in their dealings with one another. Nobody knows exactly who is solvent, and everybody, therefore, hesitates about giving much credit. The new Bankruptcy Act tends to intensify this state of distrust. The very rigour of the Act makes most creditors anxious to come to private arrangements. They do not wish to drive their debtors to desperation, and very often they do not care to have it known that they acted so foolishly themselves. Consequently, there have been more private liquidations during the current year than for many years past, and as there is no provision of law requiring these private arrangements to be announced in any way, there is no knowing who has entered into such liquidations nor how much the liabilities were. As a matter of course, people magnify what is thus unknown. They hear that A, B, and C have entered into arrangements with their creditors, and as they suspect that D, E, and F have also suffered heavy losses, they jump to the conclusion that these latter, or some of them at least, have done like the former. And as each one communicates his suspicions to his neighbour, what at first is a suspicion grows by-and-bye into a conviction, and thus the credit and good name of people are whispered away. Until this state of distrust passes away a considerable improvement can hardly be expected, and the distrust will hardly pass away until either there have been such failures as will convince people that the worst is known, or else until money again becomes cheap and the fear of a crash is removed. Meanwhile, the extreme cheapness of all the necessities and luxuries of life tends to stimulate consumption, and as con-

sumption increases the demand must also increase, and with the increase prices will gradually creep up. As they begin to ascend traders will recover the losses they have incurred, confidence will be restored, and activity will spring up once more.

THE THEATRES.

DIPLOMACY, the English version of M. Sardou's *Dora*, which was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre (1878) just a year after the original had been given at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, has been revived at the Haymarket. To call a Frenchman by an English name is not to make him English, and no process of adaptation, none at least that has been applied to it by Messrs. Clement Scott and B. O. Stephenson, can turn *Dora* into a sound English play. No such preposterous error is made here as was made by the same adapters in their version of *Nos Intimes*—*Peril* on the English stage—where, for no comprehensible purpose, the characters were raised several steps in the social scale, to the utter destruction of the whole scheme of the comedy. But *Dora* is so strongly interpenetrated and imbued with French sentiment that it cannot be Anglicized. Maurillac has little or nothing in common with Captain Julian Beauclerc; to put the English soldier in the position of the French diplomat, and to make Beauclerc act as Maurillac acts, is to invent a hybrid character interesting from no point of view. There is no apparent reason why Maurillac, gifted with an English name, should not furthermore have been invested with an English nature. A great Frenchman has noted wherein the dispositions of the two nationalities differ. *L'Anglais a les préjugés de l'orgueil, et le Français ceux de la vanité*. Placed in the same situation, Beauclerc's pride is wounded, Maurillac's vanity is injured, yet the former is made to express himself precisely as the latter does. This strikes us as being the most prominent blot on the English version. The nature of the document *Dora* is suspected by her husband of stealing, and the purpose for which the theft was supposed to have been accomplished, are infinitely less effective in the English than in the French. When *Dora* was written—it was produced in January 1877—time had not weakened the sting of defeat in the hearts of Frenchmen. How ready they were to assert that their failures were wholly due to treachery the world is aware; and this paper which *Dora* was believed to have stolen was a despatch, the acquisition of which was of vital importance to Germany, of equal danger to France. No doubt an ineradicable distrust of Russia is felt by educated Englishmen; but a plan of proposed fortifications at Constantinople—the substitute in *Diplomacy* for the despatch in *Dora*—is a wretchedly feeble alternative for the papers in M. Sardou's play. Baron Stein could not possibly have had the urgent need for these tracings that the Baron van der Kraft had for the document he was bent on obtaining. The situation of France made that possible to M. Sardou which was not, and is not, possible to the adapters. They have no wounded national vanity to soothe as he had, hence one source of strength in *Dora* cannot be retained in *Diplomacy*. The ingenuity of the play is, nevertheless, sufficiently strong to give interest to the four acts into which M. Sardou's five have been compressed. The indictment against *Dora*, both in the matter of the stolen plan and the betrayal of Orloff (the French dramatist's Tekly) seems unanswerable, and the delicate cunning by which Henry Beauclerc (Faverolle) detects the real culprit in the Countess Zicka, by means of the Japanese perfume, is novel and effective.

Laborious care is always expended over productions at the Haymarket, as it was formerly at the Prince of Wales's, but the care has not been attended by judgment so far as concerns the elaborate study of the hero, Julian Beauclerc, on whom so much depends. Mr. Forbes Robertson's attempts to reproduce the method of the French actors he has seen in strongly emotional parts is too often merely grotesque. He tumbles about—two or three times on the first night of the revival the personages of the play knocked their heads resonantly against the furniture—his arms and legs fly to and fro in unexpected directions much after the fashion of a marionette; at times Mr. Bancroft, as Julian's brother Henry, aids these antics. In conjunction the two strike attitudes which will suggest to the irreverent the curious performance of acrobats who have just done something shocking to anatomical science. If this were Faverolle consoling Maurillac, it would be all very well. Captain Julian Beauclerc would not clutch and gasp, rumple his hair, fall into chairs and over couches. It may be doubted whether any English gentleman would threaten to strike as Julian threatens Orloff in the famous scene *des trois hommes*. There is considerable adroitness in Mr. Bancroft's treatment of his part—the athletics excepted—and the third personage of the trio, Mr. Barrymore, as Orloff, also acquitted himself on the whole well. This Orloff has too much the air of being ashamed, instead of pained or grieved, when he finds that the woman against whom he has been warning Julian Beauclerc is the girl the young attaché has within the hour married. Orloff is so deeply moved at the thought of the distress he has created by his implied accusation of *Dora*, whom he has the greatest reason to regard as his betrayer, that one sob of distress in his voice is very telling; but Mr. Barrymore continued his exhibition of grief to extreme lengths. It is very possible to be sympathetic without being unmanly. The impression created by the new comer was, however, favourable. Mr. Charles Brookfield

is always original, and one of his anxieties has doubtless been to avoid the line taken by Mr. Arthur Cecil, his predecessor in the part of Baron Stein. Mr. Brookfield is essentially an actor who merges his identity in the personage he represents. Unshaven as his face remains, aided only by a smooth, lank, yellow wig, his disguise is striking, and, as usual, the bearing and habits of the man seem to have a peculiar appropriateness to his appearance. In spite of his assumed humility and frankness, Baron Stein remains a personage whom one would hesitate to trust; but then no one in the play does trust him, except the innocent *Dora*, whose innocence is emphasized by her unsuspectingness. The Marquise de Rio-Zarès and the Countess Zicka are in his pay, and know him thoroughly; the Beauclercs unhesitatingly set the old man down as a rascal. Mr. Elliot plays wells enough the little part of Algie Fairfax, which Mr. Charles Sugden filled so cleverly at the Prince of Wales's. Mrs. Bancroft as Lady Henry Fairfax, who does duty for the Princess Bariatine, has only to chat and make remarks in the good-natured vivacious manner which seems natural to her and is very pleasant to hear. Mrs. Bernard-Beere as the Countess Zicka and Miss Calhoun as *Dora* bear the burden of the play so far as the ladies are concerned, and it is skillfully borne, all things considered. Among the things that need consideration is the fact that Miss Calhoun has had little experience of important characters. She lacks the impulsiveness and lightness of touch which are needed in the earlier scenes; but in the third act, where *Dora* first realizes that her husband suspects her of peculiarly base crimes, Miss Calhoun acted strenuously and truthfully. She makes it plain that her whole nature revolts at the thought of the odious treachery of which the man she loves, of all others, believes her to be guilty. Her repudiation is very finely done. The part of the Countess Zicka, shortened from the French piece, is admirably played in the revival. The fervour of Zicka's love for Julian Beauclerc is touchingly realized; we feel that she has been driven by an evil fate to a life that is repugnant to her. If there is a fault in Mrs. Bernard-Beere's performance, it is that she makes the character too sympathetic.

At the Royalty Theatre *L'Etrangère* has been acted during the week by a company of which Mme. Léonide Leblanc is the principal performer. The circumstance that the comedy was among the least successful of M. Dumas's works was not hidden when members of the Comédie Française were the exponents, when M. Coquelin presented his incomparable study of the Duc de Septmonts, Mme. Bernhardt's art invested the part of Mrs. Clarkson with a sort of glamour, and the other characters fulfilled the designs of the dramatist. Mme. Leblanc is an actress of much experience and capacity, but she does not raise Mrs. Clarkson above the level of the agreeable commonplace. M. Colombey serves inoffensively to prove how remarkable an artist M. Coquelin is. The others play creditably, but not in a manner which needs comment.

Mr. Burnand's new melodrama at the Avenue Theatre is a disappointment. *Just in Time*, as the piece is called, owes much to M. du Boisgobey's story, *Méridol*, published last year; but the materials thence derived are not treated with the skill that was to have been anticipated from so experienced a dramatist. The low comedian has often baffled the villain; and here the former is the hero of the piece. He arrives on all occasions "just in time" to save the heroine from those disasters which are wont to overtake maidens in melodramas. He parries a sword thrust and disarms an assailant with his flute, and is never wanting in the hour of need. Mr. J. S. Clarke bonds his characteristic humour to the needs of the part with considerable cleverness, but the setting of the story is old and worn. We feel that the escaped galley-slave has been too frequently seen in the guise of a nobleman, scheming to carry off the high-born heroine from the poverty-stricken associations to which she has been betrayed. We know him and his ways so well that they have become a little wearisome. The working out of the play reminds one of those "transparent slates" on which children draw. The lines beneath are plain to see, and have only to be traced out over their well-defined course; there is no surprise, no invention, nothing to interest. Mr. W. Farren, Mrs. Alfred Mellon—a most able exponent of melodrama—and Miss Eva Sothorn, fill the principal parts after Mr. Clarke.

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS AND HIS PLAGIARISMS."

WE find under the title above quoted, in the current number of the *National Review*, one of the most pleasantly naïf of articles. The author, Mr. Francis Hitchman, seems to have had no adequate notion of the immense difficulties in his way, although the fact that he has enlisted strange authorities on his side shows that he cannot have deemed his task to be altogether an easy one. To prove Alexandre Dumas to have been a sort of robust and predatory Martin Tupper hardly strikes one in the light of a hopeful enterprise, and we are far from being astonished that Mr. Hitchman has been able to bring it but to a lame conclusion. Mr. Hitchman starts by admitting "that Dumas has been exceptionally fortunate in his assailants." After putting down his article, we can freely admit that we are entirely of his opinion. He then proceeds to invoke the name of Jacquot, and to administer a severe rebuke to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald for having put his trust in such a person as "Le Mirecourt," but Mr. Hitchman might, for reasons which will presently appear, have spared his ironical remarks

concerning Mr. Fitzgerald's attainments in "the French language and literature generally." The tone of Mr. Hitchman's article shows clearly enough that he is no enthusiastic admirer of the Romantic movement, and that he hardly considers its originators in the light of masters of the French language; but this seems scarcely a sufficient excuse for his fathering impossible utterances upon them. The audience present at the first representation of *Henri III. et sa Cour* undoubtedly did many things that seem silly enough when we look back on them, but we can solemnly assure Mr. Hitchman that, unless he was present himself, there was no one man, woman, or child in the theatre who indulged in "cries of *Enforce Racine!*" Mr. Hitchman's method of dealing with this play is exactly what might have been expected, owing to the peculiar nature of the task which he has set himself. "The plot," he tells us, "is repulsive, turning, as it does, on the guilty love of a great lady for a minion, and winding up with the assassination of the latter by order of the injured husband." The shade of "the latter," we may remark in passing, can hardly be pleased at finding himself called a minion by an English writer of the nineteenth century. But, to return to the fashion in which Mr. Hitchman disposes of *Henri III. et sa Cour*. In the first place he draws a wholly unnecessary parallel between Dumas and M. Victor Hugo, of whom he says, with perfect justice, that he is "a man of commanding genius"; adding that "Dumas never rises in his dramatic productions above the level of the skilful adapter, who is successful by reason of his knowledge of stage-effect." That Dumas was something more than a "skilful adapter" must be evident to all who have really studied his plays; and, as Mr. Hitchman insists on the comparison, we may add that, did M. Victor Hugo possess a little more knowledge of stage-effect his plays would be not the worse for it. He then quotes a few sentences of brutal and coarse abuse from Granier de Cassagnac in that heavy and rude writer's accustomed manner, and informs us moreover that they constitute "a brilliantly sarcastic criticism." It is unfortunate, too, that in Mr. Hitchman's desire to emphasize Dumas's indebtedness to Schiller he should quote and place side by side two short scenes, one from *Henri III.*, the other from the *Conspiracy of Fiesco*, which only resemble each other inasmuch as there is a handkerchief in both. But to turn to the novels. Mr. Hitchman makes a fierce onslaught on the English defenders of Dumas, and especially upon one who has, it seems, been wicked enough to refer to Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and then stumbles into a dismal quagmire of contradictions as Mr. Thackeray's delightful *Roundabout Paper* on Dumas's novels. This serves as a prelude to the stirring statement that *Les Trois Mousquetaires* was entirely the work of M. Auguste Maquet, and by way of evidence we are told that his "acknowledged works prove that the claim advanced on his behalf is not unfounded." This leads us to the reflection that M. Auguste Maquet, who has made an honourable place for himself in French literature, is at least as unfortunate in his English defenders as Alexandre Dumas. Mr. Hitchman has probably allowed his imagination to become unduly heated by his discovery of what has long been a matter of notoriety—that M. Maquet was Dumas's collaborateur in the writing of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. In the same wholesale way, and with less excuse, he fathers *Monte Cristo*—which, by the way, following too common a blunder, he is pleased to call *Monte Christo*—upon the notorious feuilletoniste M. Fiorentino, and ends by declaring, "on very good authority," that Dumas never read a line of either book. It must be added, in justice to Mr. Hitchman, and as a proof of his eminently ingenuous method, that he goes out of his way to show how untrustworthy a person this Fiorentino was. But his worst mistake is made when he waxes wroth concerning that very delightful book *La Chasse au Chastre*, which he declares that Dumas ruthlessly stole from Méry—who, by the way, was one of his warmest friends. "This notable production," he says, "has never been printed separately in France." As a matter of fact, *La Chasse au Chastre* was published by Didier in the year 1853 with the author's name on the title-page. With regard to Mr. Hitchman's statement that the seventieth place in M. Quérard's list (of Dumas's novels) is occupied by *La Chasse au Chastre* (Bruxelles, 1841, in 18°) we can only add that we have consulted this list and found the following:—"La Chasse au Chastre, Fantaisie en trois actes, 8 tableaux." Of course Mr. Hitchman attempts to prove that all the historical writings of Dumas, except the mistakes to be met with in them, are the work of somebody else; and naturally he has recourse to his admired Granier de Cassagnac to prove it. For this we will content ourselves with referring him to M. Maxime du Camp's *Souvenirs littéraires*. But the cream of Mr. Hitchman's article is to be found in its concluding paragraph, wherein he credits Dumas with the healthy morality of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and other works which he has laboriously striven to prove that he never even read. So moral are the books signed by Alexandre Dumas that Mr. Hitchman declares himself ready to forgive "his habit of fathering the works of his journeymen."

ITALIAN OPERA AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. SAMUEL HAYES has opened Her Majesty's Theatre for a season of opera, in Italian, at cheap prices. Those who attach great importance to the fact of opera being sung in Italian as a necessary cause of financial failure seem to overlook the fact

that for several seasons Mr. Mapleson was able to make a success by giving a short after-season at this very theatre when he was no longer burdened by the immense salaries of star-artists, but when the training and practice of band, chorus, and minor artists through the regular season enabled thoroughly efficient performances to be given. It appears to us that, were a manager to follow in the steps of Mr. Carl Rosa, and without engaging high-salaried artists of European fame, to content himself with a company of good singers and actors, and devote time and trouble to bringing his performances to as high a pitch of perfection as possible, he would have a very good chance of financial success, no matter what language he might select for the words of the operas produced; though, of course, English would be most attractive to the audiences frequenting the cheapest parts of the house. But, if a manager despises his public, and thinks that anything is good enough for them if the prices be kept low, we feel that his chances of making money are but small. We fear that this is the mistake into which Mr. Hayes has fallen. We trust that as the season goes on he may be led to modify his policy, and devote a little more care to the selection of his artists and the improvement of the band, and, above all, to frequent and careful rehearsal. Amongst the company at Her Majesty's there are quite enough competent and good artists to perform most operas well. The chorus is excellent, and at least two of the conductors are men of reputation in this country and of well-tryed ability. With such material it seems difficult to imagine how two such performances could be given as those which it has been our misfortune to attend. The first was Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Signor Frapolli was to have sung Almaviva, but was indisposed, and his place was efficiently taken at very short notice by Signor Manzini, who had only that day arrived from Italy. The band was not under Mr. Betjemann, and in spite of the tempi being taken very slow, it really seemed wonderful that the overture could be got through at all. As it was, it was perhaps the worst performance of an overture ever heard in that theatre. The important part of Figaro was taken by Signor Padilla, who is apparently to be the star of the season. He knew the music, and he knew the old buffo traditions of the part. He went through what he had to do in a sound and workmanlike manner, but throughout was dull. Signor Zoboli, as Bartolo, again was a storehouse of tradition, and did his work well, whilst Signor Castelmarmy, whose singing has improved, not only knew the impossible old traditions of the part, but went through them with such dramatic and humorous exaggeration as to make his performance one of great merit. A word of praise must be given to Mme. Laura Ségur, whose admirable singing and fluent vocalization in the florid music almost made the unpleasant quality of her voice of no moment. The performance of *Don Giovanni* on Saturday, though showing signs of improvement in some ways, yet showed strongly the general carelessness of the management. Mr. Betjemann on this occasion was at his desk, and by taking infinite pains succeeded in forcing the band to give a very fair sketch of the overture; but after he had taken the performance up to the first entry of Don Giovanni and Donna Anna in the first act, he had to stop the band owing to the singers' non-appearance, and a stage wait of many minutes followed. When at last all was ready Mr. Betjemann very wisely again began the act. This incident would not have been worth noticing had it not been that several times entrances were so delayed as to endanger the continuity of the performance and that every change of scene involved a somewhat long wait. Signor Padilla was Don Giovanni; Signor Zoboli, Mazetto; and Signor Castelmarmy, Leporello. These artists showed the same qualities as in the performance of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Mme. Rose Hersee sang well and acted nicely and gracefully as Zerlina. Of Mme. Brio de Marion as Donna Anna it is kindest not to speak at all. Mme. Thea Sanderini played Donna Elvira, and at one point her voice recovered the tone it had previously lost, and she sang agreeably enough. Finally, Signor Frapolli was set down for Don Ottavio, but all the music, except the parts in the concerted pieces, was cut out. This sort of thing is scarcely what the public want when they ask for cheap opera. But it is not yet too late to improve upon it.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

AT the French Gallery, in Pall Mall, the most important work exhibited, as to size, is Professor Brandt's "Horse Fair in Bessarabia," a picture painted with all the unsparring cleverness of the Munich school, and chiefly remarkable for the blackness of the shadows and the too-obvious dexterity with which considerable difficulties are overcome. The same objectionable qualities are to a certain extent to be met with in "Tric-trac Players—Cairene Café," by Professor L. C. Müller, although it must be added that, despite these defects, there is much that is highly artistic in Professor Müller's treatment of his subject. Among the best of the pictures exhibited in this gallery are "On the Sands," by R. von Poschinger, and "Threatening Weather," by A. Windmaier. The first of these shows us a long strip of sand and sea, with bathing machines and figures—the scene has been seriously studied, and the painting shows admirable frankness and simplicity of execution. The second is a dark landscape, with a lowering sky—it is perhaps a trifle wanting in atmosphere, but, on the other hand, it possesses the rare merit of considerable truth of colouring. Miss Hilda Montalba contributes one of her exquisitely artistic Venetian scenes, "On the Lagoons,

Venice," displaying, as she generally does, a knowledge of atmospheric effect and a power of luminosity that most other artists may envy. The principal attraction of the exhibition is to be found in the pictures of Carl Heffner, from among which we may select for praise five small studies, "By Baiae, near Naples. Temple of Venus"; "Viareggio, a Watering-place near Leghona"; "Fishing-pool, Viareggio"; "S. Trovaso, Venice"; and "On the Quay, Viareggio." But for a certain tendency towards heaviness of colour, we should have no fault to find with these firm and delicate little works. The case is different with his more pretentious pictures, among which the most reprehensible is "Portici, near Naples, with Vesuvius in the distance," a production in which insincerity and feebleness go hand in hand. In addition to this, we have four pretentious canvases, "In the Campagna," "Desolation," "Solitude," and "Repose." These unstable projections of a morbidly effect-seeking brain are propped up with extracts in the Catalogue from the writings of Charles Dickens, Story, Augustus J. C. Hare, and Francis Wey, which are all unable to support the weight of paint that has been laid upon them. Any one of these views near Rome would make an excellent diorama. A showman should be engaged to read out the extracts, and in this manner an excellent engine of torture might be placed at the disposition of the various living representatives of the immortal Dr. Blimber. As far as technique is concerned, criticism would be hopelessly wasted upon these smug copies from nature, and all that can be said about them is that they are wholly lacking in any kind of artistic sentiment whatsoever. Among the English and American pictures in the French Gallery we may select for special commendation "In the Gloaming," by Mr. E. Sainsbury, which shows a high artistic aim, and no inconsiderable performance; and "Venice; Morning," by Mr. Powall Williams, an honest effort in the right direction. "Waiting for Bacchus," by Mr. J. Wycliffe Taylor, is a poor study of a very badly-stuffed tiger. A "View on the Oise at Antwerp" is a wretched specimen of C. F. Daubigny's work; and near it hangs a tolerable Diaz, painted, according to the Catalogue, "near Fontainebleau." We must also call attention to an excellent little Corot, "Summer Leaves, Ville d'Avray, Seine et Oise," which, although it would scarcely attract the eye in any good collection of the master's works, effectually kills every other picture hung on the same wall at the French Gallery.

Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons' Galleries contain some remarkable works, among which two pictures by M. L'Hermite take the foremost place. The largest of these, in which the figures are life-size, is entitled "La Moisson," and will be familiar to all who visited last year's Salon. A tired reaper stands clutching his scythe in his left hand, while with the right forearm he wipes the sweat from his brow. A little in front of him, a woman, with her face turned toward him, is preparing to bind a sheaf; behind him another woman and a man are busy with the corn. In the left-hand corner is another mower, half-hidden by the tall grain. M. L'Hermite is known rather as a master of black and white than as a painter, and his pictures show something both of the merits and the defects that might be expected from one of his special training. Few men, indeed, have such a command of values or such a mastery certainly in the arrangement of their compositions; neither are there many who can claim precedence of him as a draughtsman. On the other hand, his pictures not infrequently show a certain insistence of line which, although admirable in effect in dealing with such a medium as charcoal, is out of place in an oil-painting. Such a defect, however, is hardly worth mentioning in the presence of a genuine work of art such as "La Moisson," and we hasten to add that in the smaller picture exhibited by him, and called "Mid-Day Rest," it is non-existent. In this admirable work figures and landscape are bathed in warm vibrating atmosphere—it is perfectly rich and harmonious in colour, and the figures are firm and decided without any hint of hardness. Mr. F. A. Bridgman's Oriental picture "The Halt" is thoroughly sound work, and shows greater sobriety of colour and more truth of light and shade than one generally expects to meet with at his hands. We find a very inferior example of M. Benjamin Constant in "Flowers of the Harem," a study which reminds one not a little of the style of art to be met with on the lids of French chocolate-boxes, and which conveys no hint of M. Benjamin Constant's extraordinary power of rendering texture. Neither can Messrs. G. and D. F. Laugée be congratulated on the pictures they exhibit here. "The First-born," by M. G. Laugée, is a mawkish, soft, and ill-drawn effigy of a mother and child, while M. D. F. Laugée hardly comes better off with a weak and commonplace picture called "Village Courtship." The fact that artists of talent and reputation should condescend to exhibit such stuff in an English gallery is partially to be accounted for by the fact that, owing to the peculiar attitude adopted by the Royal Academy towards foreign art, London is rapidly getting to be considered on the Continent in the light of a place where rubbish and honest work stand an equal chance of success. M. Jacquet sends some of his clever, meretricious painting, which has happily rather less chance of being accepted in London than it has in Paris, and Mr. Stirling Dyce sends a landscape with figure, "Siez-sur-Loing," which is well worth the attention of all who are familiar with the Grevy and Barbizon schools, if only on account of its ingenious lack of originality. Among the best pictures in the Gallery is Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Exiles," two women standing among rocks on a sandy shore and looking across the sea. Mr. Boughton's large and simple handling contrasts ludicrously with the mean and niggling treatment which is to

be met with in a "Hayfield at Whittington," by Mr. Leader, which hangs immediately below it. We need hardly call attention to the exquisite qualities contained in Mr. Josef Israels's "Watching for Father," with its beautiful scheme of sober colour and its tender sentiment. Of the average quality of work displayed in Mr. Thomas McLean's Gallery we cannot say much—the first impression received on entering is one of disastrous and hideous colour on all sides. In the places of honour are three pictures by Mr. Millais. Of "Little Miss Muffet" and "A Message from the Sea" we can only say that it is a sad thing to see a great artist lowering himself to such a level; but the third, "The Mistletoe Gatherer," amply consoles us for the other two. It is not too much to say that we have to go back to Gainsborough in order to find anything to which to compare it in English art. And, we may add, Mr. Millais seems to us to possess some qualities in which Gainsborough was lacking. Both in form and colour "The Mistletoe Gatherer" is a masterpiece. In the left-hand side of the picture a young girl is seated with branches of mistletoe; in the background we have a snowy landscape and an almost white cloudy sky. The play of light and reflection between sky and ground; the exquisitely subtle gradations of tone and the fresh cold atmosphere are matchlessly rendered and cunningly wrought up to a climax in the superbly free drawing of the figure and its splendour of colour. Here is a work which has the true spark of life in it, and in which the hand of a great master is apparent throughout. Next in merit comes Mr. Josef Israels's "The Widow's Harvest," an old woman gleanings in a field. Mr. Josef Israels is here seen at his best in dealing with open-air subjects. It is a work of true pathos and worthy of much careful study. "Dutch Pastures" is hardly up to Mr. M. Haas's usual mark. The landscape abounds in fine qualities, but the cows in the foreground are softly modelled, and perhaps scarcely true in colour. Mr. Henry Moore's "Off the Yorkshire Coast" is an admirable piece of sea-painting—crisp and fresh and thoroughly sincere. M. Eugène Feytaud's "Oyster Dredgers—a Misty Morning," would be a better picture were it not so elaborately composed and prettified. Mr. Walter Gay's "The Tailor's Shop" is an excellent study, and Mr. J. L. Stewart's "Siesta," a lady in an orange dress reclining on a sofa, is full of the *chic* and *go* of the Paris studios. Among the landscapes, Mr. Vicat Cole's "Cornfield near Reigate" stands out in uncompromising badness. Bad arrangement, worse colour, and vicious drawing vie with each other to make this canvas an example and a terror to all landscape-painters. We find, also, a wondrous production by Mr. W. E. Harris, called "Autumn from the Woods above Arthog, N. Wales." Mr. D. Cameron's "Barley Harvest—In the Trossachs" shows careful study and some sense of values. In M. Passini's "Courtyard at Cairo" we find that perfect blending of broad and delicate treatment which we have long since been taught to expect at his hands. M. V. Corcos's "An English Girl in Paris" is brimming over with cleverness. The girl leans on a balcony, and we see a view of Paris behind and below her which is thoroughly characteristic. His English girl is, however, distinctly French. Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Evening on the Thames, Wargrave," is cleverly painted, and wholly wanting in originality. Why M. Luminais's "Advanced Guard" should have been hung where it is almost impossible to see it is hardly apparent. Although not a work of any great importance, it is full of masterly execution; and, considering the quality of much of the work that is violently thrust upon one's attention in Mr. McLean's Gallery, it certainly merits a far better place.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE concert of November 8 opened with an excellent performance of Sterndale Bennett's graceful Overture, "The Naiads," which was followed by Brahms's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in B flat (Op. 83), with Herr Professor Heinrich Barth at the piano. The orchestral part was played to perfection, and a special word of praise must be given to the horns for their excellent playing of a by no means easy passage in the first movement. Brahms's work is too well known and too justly admired to call for detailed criticism. In considering Herr Barth's playing we must take into account not only his performance in the Concerto, but also his rendering of his two solos, Impromptu No. 3 (Op. 90), Schubert, and Characterstück No. 7 (Op. 7), Mendelssohn. In all his music Herr Barth showed sound qualities as a musician and a large, bold style, together with perfect mastery of his instrument. In the Concerto, however, his playing was disfigured by a tendency to thump and a general heaviness of touch, as well as by abrupt changes of power, with little or no trace of the art of gradation. In the solos, however, the touch seemed to change, and, whilst losing nothing of its crispness and brilliancy, to take on softness and lightness; whilst the marvellous accuracy and fluency of execution of the most difficult passages marked him at once as a master of the instrument. Two short orchestral pieces were introduced into the programme, the first being a Minuet from M. Massenet's new opera, *Manon*. Those who have formed their opinion of M. Massenet's merits from his powerful and dramatic, if somewhat noisy, opera, *Le Roi de Lahore*, must have been agreeably surprised at the delicate poetic fancy of what the programme compiler so justly calls "this graceful trifle." The other short orchestral piece was a "Sérénade Hongroise" by

Joncières, played for the first time at these concerts. This work is pretty and graceful enough, in a somewhat marked French style, though in parts it impresses us as rather laboured and noisy. The event of the day, however, was Mme. Trebelli's first appearance at these concerts (though not her first appearance at the Crystal Palace). She chose for her songs "Di tanti palpiti," from Rossini's *Tancredi*; a somewhat commonplace ballad, "Star of my heart," composed for her by Denza; and the Gavotte from Ambrose Thomas's *Mignon*. Mme. Trebelli has quite recovered the full powers of her exquisite voice, which is now even more fresh, full, and even in quality than it was five years ago; and, further, as is always the case with a great artist, Mme. Trebelli is a diligent student of the art of singing, and has one great rival—herself—whom she steadily strives to surpass. Whenever we hear the great contralto, we go away with the impression that we have heard the highest perfection of the art of singing, only to be undeceived the next time we hear her by finding that she has made further progress in her art. Whether it be possible to sing better than Mme. Trebelli sang at this concert is a problem only to be solved by herself. A fine performance of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony brought a long concert to a close.

REVIEWS.

LETTERS OF THE REV. J. B. MOZLEY.*

AMONG the incidents of the day may be noted how strongly a general interest has revived upon the details of the Tractarian movement. We do not mean interest in the progress of High Church practice and doctrine—for of that there never has been any abatement during the days of the present active generation—but the specific study of the specific men, emphatically from Oxford, to whose exertions, chiefly literary, centring, as they did, in the *Tracts for the Times*, is mainly due that revival of that consistent and pronounced High Churchmanship which seemed to have languished, except in the secret recesses of old-fashioned private devotion, since the waning of the seventeenth century. Nineteen years ago, indeed—strange that it should be so long a time—a temporary excitement greeted Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*; but the interest was rather about the one great man than about his school and party, and it soon died away as a revelation of anything beyond the writer's imperfectly-grasped psychology. Now, however, when some forty years and more can be counted since the Tractarian apparition puzzled, affrighted, or provoked men of so many different frames of mind, the materials for history are crowding on us. Not to mention the long-silent Sir William Palmer, and the incidental information contained in Mr. Hope Scott's *Memoirs*, the two most valuable contributors of materials have been two brothers, dissimilar in all things except their intimate connexion with Tractarian thought and action and the ability which they contributed to the furtherance of the cause in which they were very important factors. We have already examined Mr. Thomas Mozley's *Reminiscences* at length, and shall not recur to them. Autobiographical as both his work and the letters of his brother, Professor James Mozley, really are, they present singular differences of treatment. Mr. Thomas Mozley's *Memoirs*, written continuously in old age long after the events described had become history, manifest the defects inseparable from such a method of composition. But they have the advantage of the writer being able, from subsequent events, to take the proportionate measure of the subjects of his portraiture and to write under the guiding light of retrospect. Professor Mozley's letters, on the other hand, are instantaneous photographs. They give the reader, on the very day, event and man illustrating each other with electric correspondence. A very competent editor who had her heart in her work has woven these together into a consecutive narrative with just enough explanation to make all references clear, and add the necessary additional touch, but never so as to destroy the pure ore. With much discretion, the letters are selected from those which were addressed to that very intimate circle to whom the writer used to bare his whole heart.

J. B. Mozley's life ranged from 1813 to 1878, while his earliest selected letter belongs to 1826, and his latest from which any extract is given was written in 1877. It was a career of few events and no sensational surprises, but full of labour and of genius, and, so to speak, absorbing and concentrating that varied chapter of contemporary history of which the Church of England was the subject and Oxford the locale. An undergraduateship and bachelorship of great promise were, after the due number of disappointments, rewarded by a fellowship at Magdalen. In course of years the resident don was transformed into the vicar of the College living of Old Shoreham, in Sussex, when he made a very happy marriage. In 1869, by Mr. Gladstone's judicious exercise of patronage, Mr. Mozley was promoted to the more appropriate position of Canon-residentiary of Worcester, while still more happily 1871 saw him, through the same agency, restored to that Oxford life which he had graced so well as tenant of the Professorship of Divinity with its attached stall at Christchurch. A professorial career of exceptional brilliancy and unsparing toil was

suddenly and sadly cut short by a paralytic stroke in 1876, which, however, happily affected his bodily rather than his mental powers, till a recurrence of the attack terminated in January 1878 a life singular for the reputation which he had won among the select few and the ignorance of his great capacities among the general multitude. The least dash of the posturer would have made his popular fame, for he had latent humour enough to counter-balance his terrible power of concentrated logic. But posturing was a mental condition not so much abhorrent to Mozley's nature as absolutely beyond and beside his schedule of possibilities.

As a specimen of the lively pictures of the moving scene of the ecclesiastical Odyssey which was unrolling at Oxford given in these letters, we may refer to those which Mr. Mozley wrote upon the condemnation and degradation of Mr. Ward. The date was the beginning of 1845. Tract 90 was then four years old, and Mr. Newman, with his immediate followers, as hanging on by a thread to the Church of England and to the University in the extemporized monastery which they had fitted up in the village of Littlemore, close to Oxford. Things might have been reasonably reckoned even by the most stormy petrel as sufficiently confused; but Mr. W. G. Ward, Fellow of Balliol, had contrived to add a fresh and portentous element of offence. Mr. Ward, a masterly logician and a wit of no mean powers, who had a few years previously passed over to the Tractarian side with bewildering suddenness, published a bulky tome, *The Ideal of the Christian Church*, in which, in a rather eccentric fashion, he combined a very stiff argument for the lawfulness of holding all Roman doctrine in the Church of England with precepts of ascetic piety drawn at great length from Roman sources, and intended to exemplify the practical, no less than the doctrinal, superiority of the Roman Church. It was an audacious work, and not to be redeemed by its cleverness and high spiritual tone from the charge of wanton disturbance; while it was perhaps all the more vexatious because, with all respect for Mr. Ward's high character, no one would *à priori* have presumed that the ascetic side of theology would have been the one which would have had the greatest attractions for him. A wise University would have let the book sink or swim as ponderosity or levity prevailed in its pages; for Mr. Ward had neither cure of souls nor tutorial responsibilities, while all men of sense ought to have known that there was no such telling advertisement as persecution. But Oxford at that time was unwise and off the balance, and, as one cannot doubt, thirsting to find some whipping-boy on whose body to execute its revenge upon Mr. Newman, so Oxford determined to make an example of Mr. Ward, both by condemning his book and by degrading him from his degree of M.A., while, in order to make a bad matter worse, the authorities devised the imposition of a new test. Miss Mozley omits to tell us what this test was; but we find on referring to the first volume of the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, not to quote any more recent authority, that it combined the acceptance of the Thirty-nine Articles in the sense in which they were supposed to have been issued with that in which the University now read them. On January 23, 1845, Mr. Mozley wrote to his sister:—

They have got an opinion about the Degradation and the Test from Bethell and Dodson (Queen's Advocate), strongly against the legality of both. This was shown at the Hebdomadal Board, and oh! oh! d.; on the principle that any opinion could be got for two guineas. Nevertheless, it seems pretty certain that they will withdraw the Test. Almost the whole Board were giving their experience of the overwhelming majority of votes against it there was certain to be, the Provost [of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins] alone declaring that his experience was two to one *for*; and that people's eyes were opening to his merits every day. Gaisford [Dean of Christ Church] said he had been advised by a person of "very high consideration," supposed to be Sir J. Graham, to carry the two former [condemnation and degradation of Ward] with a high hand, but not to press the latter [the test].

It must be remembered that Sir James Graham when he gave this very gratuitous advice, if he ever did give it, was Home Secretary. The test as it turned out had been already given up, but the Hebdomadal Board—i.e. the assembled heads of houses who were then under the Laudian Statutes the supreme governors of the University—would not be balked of their determination to do something very vindictive and very foolish, so the idea was started of a condemnation of Tract 90, four years old, never reprinted, and with its author in retreat. On this Mr. Mozley writes to his sister under date of February 1:—

The Number Ninety move is a gross one indeed; I should hardly think it can succeed. In the first place, there is not time for it now, to bring it on on the 13th; and it could hardly do to renew. That *da capo* plan seldom succeeds. There must be a week's notice, according to the rules of the Hebdomadal Board, before the discussion of the matter there, after the presentation of the petition. This, if the petition is presented Monday after next, which is the first opportunity it can, makes the simple discussion of the matter impossible at the Board till after the 13th, unless they violate their own rules, and, if they did, there is not, I think, statutable time from Monday to Thursday for the proposition that is to be brought before Convocation. Anyhow, it would have to be done with such disgraceful precipitation that they dare hardly venture it.

The book does not explain how these difficulties were got over; the persecuting policy seemed to thrive, and on Ash Wednesday Mr. Mozley's estimation of the position was:—

As you will have heard the No. XC. move has mounted up tremendously. I confess it was so very low and ungenerous that I did not expect it; at the same time I was not, and am not, surprised, now it has happened so; one is surprised at nothing.

A few days later we learn that "Judge Coleridge was fierce against the thing, and was for the Proctor's vetoing. The Bishop of Exeter

* *Letters of the Rev. J. B. Mozley, D.D., late Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford.* Edited by his Sister. London: Rivingtons. 1885.

disapproved of it. Pusey heard from Gladstone, who was exceedingly indignant, and seemed almost to hint at some demonstration against it from himself." On the other hand, "Newman is of course very easy, though he feels such demonstrations more than he shows."

At length the great day which was to witness the suppressing both of Mr. Ward and of Tract 90 arrived, and the scene is graphically described by Mr. Mozley in a letter written in February 1845, the crisis occurring on the 13th:—

The decision in Convocation will have come to you before you get this note: 777—386 on the first [condemnation of book]; 569—511 on the second [degradation of Ward]. Some of our side were disappointed, and there was a general gloom thrown over us, for there really were strong expectations that the Degradation would not be carried. I never was sanguine enough to think so, and when I saw the full Theatre the affair seemed settled. But, after all, it was a near-run thing. A majority of fifty is nothing on such a question. The point is carried, and now a legal career is in prospect. Ward's speech was clear and fluent. He has a very good voice, and every word was heard.

The main line was that all parties in the Church did subscribe in a non-natural sense some parts or other of the Articles and formularies. His tone was too conversational, and had not effect enough. Mr. Blandy, however, was convinced by it, and consequently voted for him on the first point, on which he had not intended to vote at all. Mr. F. Dyson was up, and voted right. After all, I really am astonished at the number of men, and sort of men, who supported Ward after such avowals as he made. It is really a phenomenon to me. If he said once he said twenty times in the course of his speech, "I believe all the doctrines of the Roman Church," and 511 members of Convocation voted for him. Of course not half-a-dozen of these agree with him, but some think that Convocation is not the proper place to decide theological questions; others that Romanism is not worse than heresy, and that Ward ought not to be degraded when Hampden, and Whately, and a hundred others are let off. Still it is an extraordinary phenomenon to me that 511 should have voted so. Of course, we had a great many Liberals on our side, and all sorts of people on different grounds. But still it is considered on the whole a Puseyite minority.

Things are in an odd state, but we must take things as we find them. I heartily wish that Ward could have been gagged, but if he does any things, and come out, he is a fact and part of the state of things one has to cope with.

P. S.—Guillemarde, the Senior Proctor, delivered his veto with immense effect [this on the No. XC. question]. A shout of *Non* was raised, and resounded through the whole building and *Placets* from the other side, over which Guillemarde's *Nobis procuratoribus non placet* was heard like a trumpet, and cheered enormously. The Dean of Chichester threw himself out of his Doctor's seat, and shook both Proctors violently by the hand. The requisition has been renewed, as we expected. I don't know any more yet.

Mr. Guillemarde's (he had no *e* in his name) colleague in the proctorship and the veto was Mr. Church, now Dean of St. Paul's, a frequent correspondent of Mr. Mozley. Mr. Guillemarde died young. The Dean of Chichester, whose energetic action is described, was an old man, Dr. Chandler, belonging to the High Church party of an elder generation, who lived long enough to show generous sympathy with, and to give energetic aid to, the more active Churchmanship of younger men.

The farce which, with true dramatic propriety, was to follow the Ward tragedy, was not long kept back, for in a few days Mr. Ward wrote to the *Times* announcing, in a very business-like manner, that, as he did not possess the gift which justifies celibacy, he was on the point of taking a wife. Of course all idea of further molestation at once and for ever ceased, but unluckily so also did the sale of the *Ideal of the Christian Church*, which was promising to be a remunerative adventure for the bookseller. But with this unnatural peace the mischief of these unworthy proceedings was not allayed. A few months saw Mr. Newman's defection, and it cannot be doubted that the recoil from this and other vindictive acts of persecution helped to produce that indifference or hostility to all positive belief which has characterized at Oxford, as it has not at Cambridge, the abrogation of University Tests.

Meanwhile Mr. Mozley had in 1844 engaged in duties which put his great talents at the service of the Church outside of the charmed circle of Oxford. The *British Critic*, that able and incautious mouthpiece of accentuated Tractarianism, originally edited by Mr. Newman, and then by his brother-in-law, Mr. Mozley's brother Thomas, had come to an end, and High Churchmanship needed a quarterly organ. The *English Review* claimed to fill the breach, but in spite of the admitted ability of many of its articles in its earlier days, when it reckoned, among other contributors, Mr. Woodham and Archdeacon Manning, the idiosyncrasies of its editor, Mr. William Palmer, of Worcester College, were too prominent to secure for it the general confidence of those whom it claimed to represent, and after steadily growing worse and worse, it ceased in a few years to appear. An old-fashioned monthly magazine, with the cumbersome name of *Christian Remembrancer*, was then in the enjoyment of a respectable circulation, and this without change of title was in the autumn of 1844 turned into a quarterly under the joint editorship of Mr. Mozley and of another man of remarkable talent, Mr. William Scott, who was able to work, and work well, a poor and populous parish in the suburbs of London, and occupy a literary position which only was not recognized as of the highest quality as it was ever his fate to wield an anonymous pen. The editors were two of the most brilliant writers in their own periodical, in which first appeared Mr. Mozley's biographical articles on Laud, Strafford, Cromwell, and Luther, and others of those powerful essays which were reprinted after his death, as well as the masterly answer, a book in the guise of an article, to Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*, which was separately republished.

The letters which passed between Mozley and Scott when Mr. Newman's secession had become a certainty are worth reprinting, from the visible light they throw on the effect which that lament-

able event produced on men equal in ability though not identical in temperament:—

OXFORD, May 14th, 1845.

MY DEAR SCOTT,— . . . Now, to touch on a more serious subject, you mention Newman and the Littlemore company. I am afraid it is too true. Indeed, one can no longer speak in the ambiguous tone at all. It is actually to take place some time or other. One must be prepared for it. I ought to have written and talked about the subject with you before; but it has been such a painful one to me that I have never been able to do it, and even now it is a great effort to me to write about it. I have known of the tendency so long myself, indeed, that I hardly feel more acutely about it now than I did a year ago. I have got used to the idea in a way. But it is something like being used to being hanged. I hardly expect it to take place this year, but I cannot look for a much longer respite.

I had a note from Newman a month ago, immediately after the *C. R.* He wrote about my own article.* It had touched him much, he said. What he says of himself is that he is borne along by an irresistible course of mind in the direction he is going, that he has withstood it, and yet it will take him. I don't know that there is anything very new in this. It is what most persons who go through religious changes describe themselves as undergoing. But it is the ground he takes; he cannot help the working of his own mind.

So now he has come to a point where I cannot follow him. It is a pain, indeed, to be in a church without him. But I cannot help that. No one, of course, can prophesy the course of his own mind; but I feel at present that I could no more leave the English Church than fly. What the upshot of this is to be we have yet to see. We are in a struggle. One's spiritual home is a stormy and unsettled one; but still it is one's home. At least it is mine.—Yours very truly,

J. B. MOZLEY.

To this letter Mr. Scott replied at once. It shows how deep a current of feeling flowed under a tone and manner characterised by an airy, half cynical humour.

May 17th, 1845.

MY DEAR MOZLEY,— . . . The mention of C. takes me (though, in truth, there is no taking, for my heart is always there) to J. H. N. Of course, in a way, one had for some time attempted to realise what must be, but it is just the same as attempting to realise losing wife or child. I for one have always, in my measure, leant upon Newman—though I am scarcely acquainted with him—lived upon him, made him my other and better nature; so the crash is to me most overpowering. I dare not criticise any action of his; he is in gifts and acquirements and in all ways so infinitely above me that I cannot argue about the matter, only feel, and this of course selfishly. I cannot follow him. I have no calls that way. I cannot think that we are even what we are without God's especial providence, and this that we may be the better, not by individual but by corporate action and expansion. . . . Ever yours most truly,

WILLIAM SCOTT.

The editorial partnership was at last rather strangely dissolved. Mr. Mozley was unable to convince himself that the Gorham judgment delivered in 1850 was a contradiction of the baptismal doctrine of the Church of England, as other High Churchmen regarded it, and with his high sense of honour retired from the editorship of an organ when he believed himself to be out of harmony with those on whose behalf it was published on so important a matter, otherwise he still remained a High Churchman, and after his rôle of leader had come to an end he continued friend, sympathizer, and adviser. Still his affectionate feelings continued unabated for Mr. Scott, who had become sole editor of *The Christian Remembrancer*, and the news of his death in January 1872 was a great grief to him.

It would now be alike a wrong to this paper and to the memory of a very remarkable man any more to conceal that which the etiquettes of journalism long compelled us to hide under the veil of a conventional mystery. From the very first establishment of the paper down to that late date when the weakness of approaching death made the pen drop from his hand, the services of William Scott to the *Saturday Review* as constant writer and most trusted counsellor were invaluable.

Here we prefer to leave the book and not attempt an impossible analysis of its varied and rapidly changing contents. It is not one which can hope for the wide circulation which rewards the revelations of popular favourites or conspicuous publicists; but it is one which ought to have been published, and it will be especially valuable as future materials for the history of a very interesting epoch in our Church history.

THREE SENSATIONAL NOVELS.†

"WE don't expect grammar at the Vic, but you *might* jine your flats," is a well-known dramatic criticism, which also applies to the construction of sensational novels. The authors *might* "join their flats." Where sentiment, style, psychological analysis, and the drawing of character are almost wholly subordinated to an exciting plot, to the unravelling of a secret, the plot should be fashioned with the utmost care and skill. There are, of course, sensational stories in which character and style are not left out of the compound. In Mr. Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*, for example, the characters are full of truth and humour. Some circumstance of the utmost improbability, some quite fantastic motives and incidents, are dropped into the calm of every-day lives, and produce the necessary and most unusual consequences. But the consequences follow as the conclusion follows, from the premisses, logically and inevitably, and the persons act as, given the circumstances, they would do in real life. The

* "Recent Proceedings in Oxford."

† *Dark Days*. By Hugh Conway. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1884.

Hand and Ring. By Anna Green. London: Ward & Lock. 1884.

A Strange Disappearance. By Anna Green. London: Ward & Lock. 1884.

novelist only invites us to grant him the circumstances for the sake of romantic excitement, and then works on in a thoroughly artistic manner.

This is the "grand style" in sensational fiction, the style of *Monte Cristo*. It is not, we think, the style of Mr. Hugh Conway's new romance, *Dark Days*. Here the "flats" are insufficiently "joined." The extraordinary success of his *Called Back* was obtained, in the first place, by the opening situations of that story. Now in *Dark Days* there is, to begin with, too obvious an effort to repeat the old effect. In *Dark Days*, as in *Called Back*, everything turns on the partial and temporary insanity of a woman, who has been present at a murder, and who has forgotten most, if not all, of the circumstances. The difference is that, in *Dark Days*, the woman is just sane enough to know that a crime has been committed, and just insane enough to suppose, contrary to the evidence of her own eyes and of circumstances, that she herself was guilty. Again, she loses her memory just enough to be capable of having the event recalled to her, and not enough to forget her primary delusion that she is the guilty person. Of course the novel-reader who is asked to grant all these premises is requested to make a very unusual concession. But these are by no means all the premises which he has to concede, if he is to be interested in Mr. Conway's new tale. He must swallow an amazing mass of coincidences and confusions, he must imagine that a heroine of magnificent character could be deluded by the oldest expedient of penny fiction, a sham marriage, and all this good-nature he must expend in the interests of persons who are far from being amiable or amusing creations.

As in *Called Back*, Mr. Conway tells his story in the autobiographical form. The hero is a physician in a country town, who falls in love with a "strangely beautiful" girl, Philippa. But Philippa did not love him. She was "ambitious," and, we may add, conceited. "She looked for the gifts of rank and riches from the man who loved her. She knew that she was a queen among women, and expected a queen's dues." In London the mother of this queen of women died, and she was left alone in the world. Immediately the hero was in her lodgings near Regent's Park. Here he found Philippa wearing a wedding-ring, and was introduced to a "Mr. Farmer," her husband. She was secretly married to this Mr. Farmer, whom the hero, *sotto voce*, addressed as "Cur! Sneak! Villain! Coward!" Soon afterwards the hero met "Mr. Farmer" and learned that his real name was Sir Mervyn Ferrand, the atrocious baronet of the *London Journal*. Philippa and Sir Mervyn left England; and the hero withdrew, "eating his own heart, and shunning the path of men," like Bellerophon, to a small house in the country. Here he gives himself up to several pages of lamentations. One night, as he was looking out of his window, he saw Philippa looking in at his window, reminding the reader of a familiar conundrum about a harmless necessary domestic animal. All wet with snow Philippa entered, execrated Sir Mervyn, said she had just had a baby (fortunately deceased), observed that she was staying with a Mrs. Wilson in the neighbourhood, and produced a letter in which the Baronet told her that he had been married before he married her, that his former wife was dead, that he would not renew the ceremony, and that he would run over from Paris and come to see her on the following day. "Do not send to the station to meet me. I would rather walk," the Baronet said, on which turns the whole tale. Had the Baronet driven (as most luxurious men would in bitter winter weather), *Dark Days* could never have been offered to the public.

The hero now conducted Philippa to the house of a Mrs. Wilson, with whom she was living, found that Mrs. Wilson in some unexplained way was "connected" with the Baronet, and gave himself out to be Philippa's brother. On the following day Philippa was to come to his house (not precisely a correct proceeding), and he was to meet and challenge Sir Mervyn. Mrs. Wilson warns the "brother" that Philippa is a little deranged. On the morrow neither Philippa nor Sir Mervyn arrives till late in the evening. In the moonlight (which must have been unusually bright) the hero goes out with a dark lantern. Heavy snow comes on; he meets Philippa, wringing her hands and shrieking, and he takes from her a pistol, which he throws away. A little further on he finds the dead body of Sir Mervyn lying in the snow. He perceives that Philippa has killed Sir Mervyn. Returning home, he discovers her in a high state of delirium, gives her a sleeping draught, and goes to bed. Next morning the whole country is covered with frozen snow, which obligingly lies so long that the hero has time to nurse Philippa through her illness, and take her to his mother, who is satisfied with an extremely partial explanation of the bewildering circumstances. The hero then heads for Spain, with Philippa (who has conveniently forgotten the circumstance of the murder) and his mother. He knows that the dead body of Sir Mervyn has been discovered; and he has also learned, from Mrs. Wilson, that Philippa was duly and legally married after all. How Philippa got the pistol is the first question he would have asked himself; nor, of course, would he have believed in her guilt till he was satisfied on this head. But he and Philippa, when both learn that a man is accused of the murder, do not trouble themselves much about this crucial point. "She must have gone armed to meet him"; but how or where did she arm herself? "A pistol, how did I come by it?" Philippa inquires, very naturally, when her memory partially returns to her; but the hero merely "bows his head," instead of trying to unravel the difficulty about the weapon. To shorten a long mass of

"padding" about Spanish travel, the pair, now married, return to England. They determine to witness the trial of the man accused of the murder, and give themselves up if he is found guilty. Unluckily, Philippa cannot plead insanity, her husband thinks, as he is the only qualified witness to that, and his evidence is now inadmissible. At the trial Philippa attempts to address the court, and is declared out of order. The accused man then pleads guilty. He was a casual lout, who had shot Sir Mervyn, intending to rob him. In the bright moonlight he had seen the mad Philippa, had marked her stoop over the body, and had fled, believing her to be a ghost. At the trial he recognized the "ghost" again, and "came down" like the coon. The pistol, of course, was his. The rapid sequence of blinding complete darkness and snow after very clear moonlight made these confusions possible. Philippa, finding Sir Mervyn dead, somehow failed to see the equally visible murderer standing by him, but did possess herself of the murderer's pistol, and believed herself guilty of the act.

Such is a sketch of the plot of *Dark Days*. Neither the "ambitious" heroine, who lets herself be duped by a transparently false secret marriage, nor the moody and melancholy hero offers attraction, while the carpenter's work, so to speak, of the story gapes, and is inartistically dovetailed. Making the due concessions, however, the situation when the hero finds that Philippa must acknowledge her guilt or let the accused man go to the gallows is powerful, and so is the description of the suspense of waiting at the pleasure of the weather for the discovery of the crime.

A great contrast in artistic skill to *Dark Days*, though not in style or delineation of character, is Miss Green's *Hand and Ring*. Miss Green is known in England as the author of *The Leavenworth Case*, a clever police novel. Her two new books—new, at least, on this side of the Atlantic—are unluckily printed in double columns of very small type on a very stinted allowance of paper. It would probably be worth while to publish an edition of *Hand and Ring* which people could read without ruining their eyesight. The book (to persons who care for this sort of thing) is worth more than sixpence, the price charged for the nearly illegible copy which we have striven to decipher. Sensational novels generally begin with the discovery that a crime has been committed, and the remainder of the tale is occupied with the search for the villain or villains. A notable exception to this rule is the remarkable story called *L'Affaire de la Rue du Temple*, in which you are first introduced to the miscreants, and are present at the vulgar murder of which they are guilty. The interest of the narrative thus seems to be thrown away; but, in fact, it is kept up through many pages, and the hunt after the culprits has a variety of surprises quite unprecedented. Miss Green takes the more usual course. The object is—given the murder, to find the murderer. The scene is laid in an American town. The law court has just adjourned, and the lawyer and loafers are conversing about the difficulty of committing an undetected crime. Some one remarks that audacity has great advantages, and that in murder, as in other fine arts, simplicity is half the battle. Thus, he says, pointing to a cottage, suppose a lonely old woman lives there, it would be easy to kill her without leaving legal proof. The company discuss the matter, and break up. One of them, a barrister of high repute, enters the cottage pointed out, in which he generally has luncheon when on circuit. Instantly he comes out again, making signs of alarm. The old lady who dwells in the cottage has been murdered by a blow on the head.

This is the crime, and suspicion falls on a variety of persons. First a tramp is arrested, then a Mr. Hildreth, to whom a considerable property would fall on the old lady's death. Meanwhile Byrd, a detective, has seen the beautiful Imogene Dare pick up a diamond ring from the floor of the cottage. She vows that it is hers, but Mr. Orcutt, who is in love with her, knows perfectly well that she possesses no such diamond. The old woman, before she died, spoke something about a hand and a ring, and clearly the jewel is circumstantial evidence. Now Imogene Dare has a lover, an inventor, one Craik Mansell, nephew and heir of the old woman. Her money would just enable him to float his invention, and it is proved that he was in or near the old woman's house at or about the time of the murder. The dramatic interest of the story lies in his having attempted to make Imogene accept the ring on the day before the murder, but she thrust it back into his pocket. Probably, then, he dropped it on the floor at the moment of the murder. Again, Imogene is compelled to tell what she knows against Mansell, to save the life of Hildreth, against whom the case looked very black. This plot is entangled with the intrigues, some of them most ingenious, of the detectives. Every chapter has its surprise and excitement. In these respects, probably, Gaboriau never equalled *Hand and Ring*, but in style, and as far as interest in character goes, the tale is almost as defective as *The Leavenworth Case*. The colossal beauty of the heroine is dwelt on in bombastic language, and the speeches are often mere fustian. We do not by any means intend to reveal the conclusion. Miss Green's secret is safe with us, and we particularly entreat readers in their own interest not to "look at the end" and spoil their own diversion.

Miss Green's other tale, *A Strange Disappearance*, is a great disappointment. A mysterious maid mysteriously vanishes from the home of a New York millionaire. Voices were heard in her room, blood was staining the carpet, and she obviously fled down a ladder. Who she is, and why she went off, are the problems. They are worked out by a foolishly emotional detective, and are now complicated, now elucidated, by the inexpensive machinery of

utterly impossible coincidences. The visit to a deserted home of robbers is good, but falls far below the similar scene (which perhaps suggested this) in Mr. Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*. The heroine, again, is the incredible heroine of penny dreadfuls; and the hero is no less dismal than "Mr. Gryce" the detective, with tricks of manner adapted from Dickens, is tedious. Miss Green must learn to write in what Molière calls a less "demoniac" fashion if her style is to equal her really very considerable ingenuity and constructive skill. Of these three stories *Hand and Ring* is out of all sight the best; but *Dark Days*, we think, is superior to *A Strange Disappearance*. The popularity of such fiction certainly proves that all readers do not look on a description of a lady standing up and putting her hand on a table as a sufficient allowance of incident.

A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES.*

AS many people who feel a languid interest in the history of their country will read nothing save what is light and entertaining, Mr. McCarthy may fairly be said to have supplied a want. Leaving out or barely touching on whatever requires any effort to explain or understand, he has succeeded in writing a lively book on what is perhaps the duller period in our history. Those who lack either time or inclination for serious study will find much that is pleasing and profitable in this first instalment of his *History of the Four Georges*, while more exacting readers will observe little to complain of in his work—as far as it goes. One special virtue, unhappily too often disregarded by writers who aim at producing popular books on history, is to be noted in Mr. McCarthy's volume. He is not a lover of garbage, nor a dealer in the pickings of other men's rag-heaps. If his work will not in all respects satisfy the student, he has at least succeeded in giving a bright and truthful account of some sides of his period without retelling things that are vile and of mean account. He writes with evident ease and enjoyment, and his style is full of freshness and energy. At times, indeed, he would have done well had he refused to allow himself to write quite so easily. Some of his phrases, such as "he had the courage of his non-convictions," belong rather to newspaper than to literary English, and, while "the cruel, clever Claverhouse" (p. 162) is not a bad suggestion for a lesson in elocution, and is certainly better sense than "the great, gay gloomy life of Vienna" (p. 196), both alliterations are equally destitute of force and elegance. As regards the matter of his work his sins are chiefly sins of omission. Although he begins with the crisis of 1714, he nowhere gives any distinct and satisfactory account of its true character. It is almost impossible to gather what he thinks were the chances of a Jacobite restoration, or the causes that hindered it. If he considers that we do him an injustice, he must remember that he has made our task difficult by scattering his remarks on this subject over several different pages of his work, and by neglecting to supply an index to a volume published at an earlier date than the rest of his work. While on page 16 he says, truly enough, that the Pretender was kept from the throne by his refusal to change his religion, on page 52 he decides that the cause was lost through Bolingbroke's half-heartedness. Bolingbroke certainly was half-hearted, for, as has been shown over and over again, he was no true Jacobite. He cared much for the High Church Tory cause, and little for the means by which he hoped to secure its success. When he found that the Whigs had made good their ground with the Elector, he sought to carry his point through the Pretender. James held to his religion, founded, as Bolingbroke described it, "on fear of the horns of the devil," and the love of Churchmen for their Church, the hatred of Dissenters against Popery, and the fears of the owners of monastic lands, combined with the interest of the fund-holders and the whiggism of the army in keeping him out. Against the strength of this combination Bolingbroke could have done nothing until he was supreme, and then it was too late. What he might have done had the Queen lived a little longer is another matter. Whatever his opinion on these matters may be, Mr. McCarthy should have treated them at greater length and in a more connected fashion. A lively account is given of the scene in Kensington Palace when Lord Shrewsbury and the Dukes of Somerset and Argyll brought the hopes of the Jacobites to nought. It is strange, however, to find Shrewsbury described as "a man of undoubted integrity." He was far too timid and irresolute to gain such a character. His integrity is known to have failed in 1690; one or two doubted, though as is now known without cause, whether it had stood firm even during the crisis he was now bringing to an end; and, unless Bolingbroke lied, he was "frankly engaged" in the cause of the Pretender the very year after he had done more than any one else to secure the Hanoverian succession. Some well-chosen sentences describing the change in the principle of loyalty consequent on the change of dynasty are marred by a queer outburst of spite against Queen Anne. For some reason or other Mr. McCarthy feels strongly on this matter. He informs us that the Queen, even on her deathbed, "neglected her own soul and her future state," and he believes that the rise in the funds which took place when she was falsely said to have died, and the fall that followed on the report of her recovery, in 1713, were not, as we always supposed, and as Swift seems to allow in his "Modest Inquiry," indications that the Whigs believed that each day her life was prolonged increased the chances of

the Pretender's success, and as a probable consequence involved the ruin of the Bank, but were "a curious comment on the affection and devotion of the English people." Accordingly in this discussion on the subject of loyalty he brings the Queen forward as an instance of the decay of "the loyalty of Divine right." All this is hard on Anne. Whatever the condition of her soul may have been, she was personally popular during the early years of her reign; her Divine right was held to be attested by the revival of the miraculous healing by the royal touch, and, though in her later days her people saw but little of her, they were conscious that she shared the attachment of the larger part of them to Anglican doctrine and Tory policy.

Probably no part of the volume before us will give greater enjoyment to the majority of readers than the lively sketch of London as it was at the accession of George I. Often as one reads such descriptions, it is always pleasant to be reminded of how London must have looked when there were wide open spaces between the City and Westminster, when lovers met in secret by "Rosamund's pond" in St. James's Park, and when Buckingham House was "a stately mansion" on the road to Chelsea. After pointing out the slight connexion between the houses of the "Queen Anne revival" and the architecture of the early part of the eighteenth century, Mr. McCarthy shows how the contrast extends to the insides of the houses:—

The rooms were, as a rule, sparingly furnished. There would be a centre table, some chairs, a settee, a few pictures, a mirror, possibly a spinet or musical instrument of some kind, some shelves perhaps for displaying the Chinese or Japanese porcelain, which every one loved, and, of course, heavy window curtains. Smaller tables were used for the incessant tea-drinking. Large screens kept off the too frequent draughts. Handsomely wrought stoves and andirons stood in the wide fireplaces. The rooms themselves were lofty; the walls of the better kind wainscotted and carved, and the ceilings painted in allegorical designs. Wall-papers had only begun to come into use within the last few years of Anne's reign; windows were long and narrow, and small panes were a necessity, as glass-makers had not yet attained the art of cutting large sheets of glass. The stairs were exceedingly strait; it was mentioned as a recommendation to new houses that two persons could go upstairs abreast.—P. 91.

A wholly insufficient account is given of the rebellion of 1715; the defence of Preston, for example, being dismissed almost in a single line. Of the Septennial Act, the abiding memorial of the rebellion, it is justly observed that it helped to make the House of Commons "the real ruling power in the Constitution." Its immediate effect was to secure the Whig Ministry by staving off a general election. Before long the Ministry was rent by an internal dispute. Into "the minute history" of the intrigue against Townshend Mr. McCarthy considers it scarcely worth while to enter, and his short notice of it has evidently been written under the inspiration of Lord Stanhope's *History*. He may have done wisely, for it is difficult to say what people who read history simply for the sake of amusement will find interesting. Of the importance of the affair there can be no doubt, as it concerns the characters of three leading statesmen—Stanhope, Townshend, and Sunderland—and an historian of the reign who aimed at something more than producing a popular book would have joyfully seized on a point which has occasioned much discussion, and cannot as yet be said to have been satisfactorily treated. It has been Stanhope's good fortune that the most questionable incident in his honourable career has been told by his illustrious descendant. The first cause of the King's dissatisfaction with Townshend arose from his impatience to conclude a treaty with France in order that he might be able to pursue his Hanoverian policy in the North. Unprofitable as the foreign complications of this period were, they had some effect on English affairs, and should at least be taken into account in forming a judgment on the statesmen concerned with them. They should, therefore, have received more attention than Mr. McCarthy has devoted to them. The alliance of Peter the Great with Sweden for the restoration of the Stuarts (p. 212) is incomprehensible without a notice of the check George had given to the Czar's designs on Mecklenburg. And, to go on to a later period, an adequate appreciation of the importance of the Treaty of Hanover, which is barely mentioned in this volume, would have led to a worthier estimate of Townshend's abilities than is implied in the statement that "his place in history is not strongly marked" (p. 399). The home policy of Walpole up to 1733, the limit of Mr. McCarthy's present volume, is treated more satisfactorily. His financial system, the formation of the Patriot party, and the place occupied by Pulteney as the leader of the Opposition, are described with clearness and vivacity.

Mr. McCarthy's readers will turn with interest to his treatment of Irish affairs. They will find his opinions expressed with praise-worthy moderation. With his remarks on the penal laws no one will be disposed to differ; they are the measure of the character of the Irish Parliament, representing as it did the Protestant ascendancy. The attempt of the English Government to force "Wood's halfpence" on the Irish, and the excitement caused by the *Draper's Letters*, are told at considerable length. While Mr. McCarthy sees the folly of claiming Swift as an Irish patriot, he considers that the *Letters* were inspired by his indignation at an insult offered to the Irish people, and accordingly defends his assertion that the coins were not worth more than one-twelfth of their nominal value as "an exaggeration employed to do the business of unquestionable fact" (p. 322). Although Swift was pleased to see the energy he awakened for a moment in the Irish people, the *Letters* were prompted by less exalted motives than indignation at their wrongs, real or imaginary. The agitation served to embarrass the English Minister—and the annoyance

* *A History of the Four Georges*. Vol. I. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

was richly deserved—while the attempt itself was peculiarly exasperating to the so-called "Irish interest" Swift supported; for it was an assertion of the right of the English Government to override the clique which claimed a monopoly of Irish administration. If looked at in this light, the act of George I. which abolished the jurisdiction of the Irish Lords, and asserted the supremacy of the English over the Irish Parliament, will seem by no means injurious to the Irish people. Mr. McCarthy allows that the Irish Parliament was as ready to persecute Roman Catholics as any English Parliament could be (p. 234). He fails to see that every measure, however high-handed, that overrode the separate legislature and administration of Ireland, as they were at the beginning of the last century, tended to deliver the people from the power of a tyrannical oligarchy.

LETTERS OF JANE AUSTEN.*

THERE are several well-known stories in which the point appears to have been entirely missed by the narrator. Of these the chief has always appeared to us to be that legend (we really do not know whether it is originally due to Joe Miller or to somebody else) which is usually couched in the form of a dialogue. "John, how much did your pig weigh?" "Please, sir, it didn't weigh nearly as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't." The reader or hearer is expected to regard John as an idiot, whereas his mood was one incident to the most intelligent of human natures and very fortunately incident to them. If some of the more hasty reviewers of these Letters of Miss Austen's had tempered their expectation with the thoughts of the cautious John, it would have been better for them and better also for their criticisms. It was very improbable that such a collection of letters as those now published should yield anything equal in interest or piquancy to the novels. They are with insignificant exceptions exclusively written to Cassandra, Jane's sister. The two were constant companions, and were never separated, except when at one time Cassandra and at another Jane went a regular round of visits among the numerous connexions of the Austen family. They never were in completely new places; they rarely met completely new people. The society in which each found herself was intimately known, and very interesting to the other, and consequently the staple of the letters is mere gossip—written conversation of a quality which it is pretty safe to say Jane Austen would have been the very last to think worthy of print. Here is a typical passage taken nearly at random:—

If I am to stay in H. S., and if you should be writing home soon, I wish you would be so good as to give a hint of it, for I am not likely to write there again these ten days, having written yesterday.

Fanny has set her heart upon its being a Mr. Brett who is going to marry a Miss Dora Best, of this country. I dare say Henry has no objection. Pray, where did the boys sleep?

The Deedes come here on Monday to stay till Friday, so that we shall end with a flourish the last canto. They bring Isabella and one of the grown-ups, and will come in for a Canty. ball on Thursday. I shall be glad to see them. Mrs. Deedes and I must talk rationally together, I suppose.

Edward does not write to Henry, because of my writing so often. God bless you. I shall be so glad to see you again, and I wish you many happy returns of this day.

Now this is just what nearly all women and not a few men would write in the circumstances. But it is, of course, all but uninteresting to posterity, and cannot but be uninteresting. Given the conditions, the champion letter-writers of the world would hardly have produced anything else.

A certain amount of blame is therefore due to the editor. What Lord Brabourne should have done when, some two years ago, he unearthed those unsuspected letters in his mother's papers was something quite different from what he has done. He should have gone to Mr. Bentley and said, "You must let me re-edit Mr. Austen Leigh's life of my great-aunt [for Miss Austen was Lord Brabourne's great-aunt] with the help of these letters, which, through nobody's fault, Mr. Austen Leigh had not. I can correct several facts by their aid, and I can enrich the quotations from her correspondence very considerably." This would have been the altogether more excellent way; the way in which the ideal man would have acted. Supposing Lord Brabourne to come a little short of the ideal, he would have set to work to excise all the merely trivial parts of the Letters, and have published them in a shape uniform with the *Life and Works* accompanying them by headings giving the date and *milieu*, and by footnotes explaining personal and other allusions, which headings and footnotes he would, according to the statutes for that case made and provided in the High Court of Literature, have printed in a type different from the text, that there might be no deception. If he had done this he would also have been a worthy peer, and would have earned and received nearly as much gratitude from the admirers of Jane Austen's great-nephew's great-aunt (that is to say, from all the best people of intelligence in these kingdoms) as if he had followed the absolute counsel of perfection and self-abnegation above given.

Unfortunately, Lord Brabourne has done neither of these things. He has printed the letters nearly *in extenso*, and the extract above given will show that this is fair neither to writer nor to reader. He has prefixed to the whole a kind of general "screed" containing a good deal of irrelevant information, and some by no means expert

criticism, and to each year's letters he has prefixed a minor screed of the same kind, chiefly occupied with genealogies. Now genealogies are capital things, especially when they are given in tabular form with footnotes; but given narrative fashion and in connexion with a large body of text, they are, unless they deal with very interesting people, sometimes a weariness to the flesh. Also Lord Brabourne fails just where he should not fail. Endless very excellent men and women of Kent and Hampshire and Warwickshire and Ireland, with whom Lord Brabourne happens himself to be connected, but of whom nobody ever heard much, are dealt with at immense length. But when Miss Austen speaks about the daughters of Beckford as being "our cousins," Lord Brabourne says, almost *totidem literis*, that he does not know how this was, and can't be troubled to find out. Now there are at least some persons who would feel a pretty lively interest in tracing the connexion between the family of the author of *Vathek* and the family of the author of *Emma*, and who yet are contented to leave many Rices, Cages, Tokes, Faggess, and other doubtless most excellent and deserving persons untraced and unbiographed. Again, Lord Brabourne's notes of elucidation on phrases and customs are miserably few and jejune. Thus on one occasion Miss Austen feasted on "cold souse." We know what cold souse is, of course; but we venture to say that a considerable number of Lord Brabourne's readers do not, and he gives them no kind of assistance. Another time she wore "a Mamalose cap." Now we frankly admit that even we do not know what a Mamalose cap was, though we can guess it to have had something to do with *Mamelon*, and we should like to know very much indeed; for to no mind, even the mind of a proud male, can Jane Austen's caps be indifferent. The truth is that familiar letters, almost more than anything else, require a running commentary of judicious footnotes.

We admit, therefore, that there is a great deal here which need not and ought not to have been published at all, and which it is nearly as unfair to writer and reader to publish as it would have been of Catherine Morland to publish at length those celebrated washing-bills which were the cause of so much alarm and disappointment at Northanger Abbey. It by no means follows that this book is uninteresting. It is very far from uninteresting, and the cream of contents, if skimmed *secundum artem biographicam*, would make a really valuable addition to Jane Austen's life. It is unfortunate that the period of residence in Bath, which had such a marked effect on her writings, is represented for the most part by a long gap in the correspondence, and that the references to the novels, though not exactly few, are for the most part quite unimportant. But this latter fact is exactly what, on the considerations above put, was to be expected. Cassandra Austen knew too much about them, and was too constantly an eye-witness of their progress and history, to want much definite information on the subject. In the same way the sisters were too constantly in the way of having personal intercourse to need the exchange of confidences in letters on personal points. There are jokes, indeed, in the earlier letters about "Tom Lefroy" (the late well-known Irish Chief Justice), a cousin—and it would seem within not so very much of being more than a cousin—and about some other persons. But, on the whole, the staple of the Letters is made up of purely family matters—details of balls and dinners and dressmaking (all these three last on a curiously homely scale, though it is evident that Miss Austen kept rather better company than most country clergymen's daughters of no great fortune), varied chiefly by lively and slightly mischievous descriptions of *le prochain*. It is in this last particular that the main interest and the main value of the letters lies. They contain, if the phrase may be permitted, the matter of the novels in solution—in a very diluted, and not always a very unmixt, solution—but still there. The habit of accurate and slightly satirical observation is capitally indicated here, though of the masterly expression which was afterwards to give that observation form there are comparatively few traces. There are plenty of sallies, but, on the whole, little finished humour. Compare, for instance, with the perfect outline studies to be found in every chapter of the novels the following:—"Miss Langley is like any other short girl with a broad nose and wide mouth, fashionable dress, and an exposed bosom." That as literature (and it cannot be too often remembered that nothing can be less meant as literature than these written gossips of one sister to another) is not wholly admirable. It is a mere thumb-nail sketch and a caricature "at that"—harsh, exaggerated, almost crude; and yet it is not at all hard to see in it one of the innumerable experiments, as Bacon would have called them, which went to the drawing of such portraits as Anne Steele, Mrs. Clay, and others. Sometimes, too, the sketch is much closer to the finished picture. The remark about a supposed flirtation (supposed in mere mischief) that, "as Dr. M. is a clergyman, their attachment, however immoral, has a decorous air," is quite in the style of the novels. So is the description of a lady who is married happily to a gentleman, "he is very religious and has black whiskers." This is the kind of remark that Emma would have made to Mr. Frank Churchill, and of which Mr. Knightley would not have approved.

The letters printed at the end, in which she criticizes the attempt of one of her nieces at novel-writing and the abortive engagement of another to a young man who thought dancing wicked (Miss Austen, like all young women of the slightest merit, was herself extremely fond of dancing), are, perhaps, more uniformly interesting than the rest; and it must be distinctly understood that there is nothing in any part of the volumes in the

* *Letters of Jane Austen*. Edited by Lord Brabourne. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1884.

least calculated to lower the writer in the eyes of her worshippers. The fault of the book simply is that it puts before the reader, in a not over-well edited form, a great deal of matter which is simply trivial, and which hardly any one would have more clearly perceived and decidedly pronounced to be "not intended for publication" than Jane Austen.

COLIGNY.*

THE "earlier" life of Coligny, according to M. Bersier, occupied the whole of his first forty-eight years. To those who are within measurable distance of fifty it must be a comfortable reflection that they may still consider themselves in the earlier part of their lives; in the spring and lusty youth, although the late spring, which can hardly be distinguished from the summer. Most of us, however, are inclined to think that by the age of forty-eight more than the "early" period of life is passed, and more than the half of a man's work is generally considered accomplished. In the case of Coligny not only more than the half of his work was already done, but by far the better and the nobler half. The ten years which followed were miserable years of civil war, fierce hatreds, partisan strife, of defeats more often than of victories; of estranged friendships, unnatural alliances, and loathsome intrigues. But let us accept the author's decision. Coligny's life may be considered, if M. Bersier pleases, as divided into two main portions; the first part of it ends with the commencement of the Religious Wars, and the second ends with his murder. The volume before us treats of the first division only; it is, therefore, not a complete life of Coligny, but only a series of chapters out of his life. These chapters do not, moreover, so far as we can learn, contain a single fact which is not already perfectly well known, and has already been told a hundred times. Considering, further, that the book possesses no great attraction of style or arrangement, and has no other special merit than the enthusiasm which a French Protestant naturally feels for the name of Coligny, we hardly understand why M. Bersier thought it desirable to write the book, or why Miss Holmden wished to translate it, or the publishers thought fit to produce it.

Dr. Bersier begins in the manner customary to all Frenchmen who have written on Coligny. History, we are told, has been slow to give him his rightful place; his memory has been at the mercy of conflicting historians; and so forth. All this is mere secondhand commonplace, and may be said of every great man. But in the case of Gaspard de Coligny the exact opposite might with equal truth be alleged. For all the contemporary writers give him the greatest prominence, and most of them speak of him in terms of the highest praise. His figure in all the histories of the period is one of the most prominent. He is one of the great group formed by the Guises, the three Châtillon brothers, Condé, Catherine, and the Béarnais. St-Simon, Voltaire, Montesquieu, President Hénault, the Abbé Raynal, the Abbé Anquetil, Guizot, and Michelet, without speaking of such modern Protestant writers as Haag, and German historians such as Ranke, all alike agree in considering him the first Frenchman of his age. As for Coligny's English biographers, of whom neither M. Bersier nor his translator appears to have even heard, there are some who have called him not only the greatest Frenchman of his own, but of any age. It is difficult to understand the grounds of this general complaint when one reads what has been said of Coligny by any of these writers. Take, for instance, the character drawn by St-Simon as quoted by M. Bersier himself:—

"Henry IV.," says St. Simon, "had as his master the wisest and most honest man of his age, the greatest captain, and the most skilful in turning to account even adverse circumstances and in rallying his party after its falls and heaviest reverses; the man most able to hold his followers together and to guard against all that might arise to divide them; finally, the most disinterested and prudent of men, the man most beloved and esteemed by the party of which he was always the soul and strength, the man who knew best how to secure the co-operation of foreigners and to command the respect of opponents, the man most generally esteemed and admired for his virtues. Such was Admiral Coligny (so little favoured of fortune, yet so worthy of fortune and of a better cause!), who was the instructor of Henry IV. in his early years both in arms and politics. Happy prince to have been trained under the most prudent captain, the wisest and worthiest man of his time!"

In fact, it has always been clearly understood that Coligny occupied a position of extraordinary influence and power. If this position has been undervalued, it was because his strongest claims upon the historian, which are by no means his leadership of Huguenots, were not until recently fully understood. Thanks to modern research into original documents and the careful examination of State papers, this is no longer the case. The works of Tessier, Delaborde, Caraman-Chimay, De la Ferrière, and others, have already set forth the true position occupied by the Admiral, the greatness of his schemes, the breadth and clear-sightedness of his policy. "Those," says M. Bersier, as if he was the first to come forward with these new discoveries, "those who scarcely know Coligny, except as the leader of the Protestants in arms, will perhaps be astonished at the importance of the part he took before assuming the military command." This kind of language might have been used twenty years ago; to use it now, especially when you have got nothing new to add, is, to say the least of it, superfluous. And M. Bersier's book may be dismissed with the

summary observation that, whether good or bad, it contains nothing new, either in fact or theory; the author has no novel opinions to put forward; and the tale has been already told, both in French and English.

Speculation as to what might have happened if certain things had fallen out otherwise are generally unprofitable. But, when one considers the history of France at this period, it is almost impossible to avoid reflecting on the immense difference which would have been made in the future of the country had the Court decided for Geneva instead of for Rome. Not only would France have become a natural ally of England, Holland, and Protestant Germany, but the whole character of her people would have been profoundly changed. There can be little doubt that the type of Frenchman developed by the ruthless logic of Geneva, had the friends of the Châtillons prevailed, would have approached much nearer to the Scottish than to the Anglican or the German type. It is strange to realize that three hundred years ago a large and most important minority of the French people—containing, in fact, nearly all that was best in French intellect and learning—were incessantly occupied in hearing sermons, singing hymns, making long prayers, and reading the Bible. This was so, however; and at one time it seemed more than likely that the minority would become the majority, and that as La Rochelle actually was Paris would become. One understands the Huguenots either as an army of fanatics or of Christian martyrs; as marching along shouting the strange songs which have been so happily preserved; as listening to the preachers before the battle; as anything you please except as modern Frenchmen. In fact, the Puritanic spirit of the Huguenots, so quickly awakened and so widely spread, has almost entirely disappeared, even among the French Protestants themselves. They have shown more than a tendency towards rationalism; they have ceased to proselytize; they have no longer any enthusiasm save in the glorious history of their long struggle. As regards the lower classes there has never been any inclination at all to pass over into the Protestant lines. They may hate their priests and keep outside the Church; but they do not therefore seek the Temple; and the Protestant faith is no longer looked upon as the natural retreat for those who cannot away with the Mass. In fact, the spirit of Gaspard de Châtillon is extinct; French Protestantism of the ancient type is gone long ago; and the modern form of it is well nigh as dead a thing as Quakerism in England. It is strange for one who visits the Temple at La Rochelle, a modern building built on the same site as that on which Coligny and Andelot once heard *la prière*, to contrast the well-dressed, well-bred, and fashionable congregation which flocks into the church when the prayers and the reading are over, and the sermon is about to begin, with the enthusiasts who sat there in the days gone by, when the place was a city of saints and a camp of refuge, and their faith was a sustaining force against all disasters.

SOME SCIENCE SCHOOL BOOKS.*

MR. MACKAY'S edition of Euclid's Elements differs in several praiseworthy points from the numerous school editions of this much-reprinted collection. The book is particularly well printed; the figures have been engraved with great precision and taste; special attention has been paid to the order of the lettering in different figures where that would be of any assistance to the pupil; the arrangement of the various steps of the propositions has evidently been carefully considered in the interests of the puzzled beginner. The exercises are unusually numerous, especially in the First Book. Mr. Mackay's aim being to lead the tiro to have confidence in his own reasoning powers; there are over 1,500 questions, deductions, and corollaries to be proved. Another feature not usually found in text-books of this class is the numerous historical notes which Mr. Mackay has introduced throughout the work—notes which bear evidence to the extent and thoroughness of his own research and his knowledge of what has been done by his predecessors. Mr. Mackay's historical knowledge of his subject evidently extends very far back; while, at the same time, he is familiar with the mathematical treasures stored up in the *Lady's and Gentleman's Diary*. As he justly remarks, the names of those who have extended the boundaries or successfully cultivated any part of the domain of science should not be

* *The Elements of Euclid*. Books I.—VI. With Deductions, Appendices, and Historical Notes. By John Sturges Mackay, M.A., F.R.S.E., Mathematical Master in the Edinburgh Academy. London and Edinburgh: W. & E. Chambers. 1884.

Text-book of Practical Solid or Descriptive Geometry. By David Allan Low. Two Parts. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

Numerical Exercises in Chemistry. By T. Hands, M.A., F.R.A.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

Experimental Proofs of Chemical Theory for Beginners. By William Ramsay, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in University College, Bristol. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Elementary Physiology. Adapted to the Syllabus of the Education Department. By G. T. Bettany, M.A., B.Sc. London: Bennet & Sons.

Methods of Teaching Geography: Notes of Lessons. By Lucretia Crocker. Second edition. Boston: School Supply Company. 1884.

Rock History: a Concise Note-book of Geology. By C. L. Barnes, M.A. Maps and Illustrations. London: Stanford. 1884.

A First Book in Geology, designed for the use of Beginners. By N. S. Shaler, S.D., Professor of Palaeontology in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co. 1884.

A Synopsis of the Bacteria and Yeast Fungi and allied Species. By W. B. Grove, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

* *Coligny: the Earlier Life of the Great Huguenot*. By Eugène Bersier, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

unknown to those who inherit the results of their labour. Mr Mackay's name may be familiar to some of our readers as that of one of the best masters the Edinburgh Academy ever had; his long and successful experience must have been of real service to him in editing this edition of Euclid, which in all that ought to characterize such a text-book is unsurpassed.

Mr. Low, like Mr. Mackay, is a practical teacher, and his experience has evidently been of service to him in compiling his text-book of practical geometry. To devotees of *Brodstudien* this section of geometry, dealing as it does with actual things, may be more attractive than the theorems of Euclid. The importance of the subject to engineers is evident. Mr. Low seems to us to have done his work with great clearness, fulness, and method. He has, it is evident, sound ideas as to the methods to be pursued by the student who would obtain a practical knowledge of his subject, and these he forcibly inculcates in his preface. The book, which for convenience is divided into two parts, contains all the descriptive geometry required by engineering and architectural draughtsmen. Mr. Low professes to have stated the problems in a more comprehensive way than usual, and to have included more cases—a feature of great practical importance. The author has also paid special attention to the selection of exercises, which are unusually abundant and good. Altogether Mr. Low's book may be safely accepted as a competent and helpful guide in a department of wide importance.

There is a danger of such manuals as that of Mr. Hands being abused by the chemical student. The theories and formulæ of chemistry are certainly of great importance, and it is absolutely necessary that the student should be familiar with them. The danger is that he may occupy his time too exclusively with such exercises to the neglect of actual work, to the precise and intelligent performance of which all his training is supposed to lead. There is considerable variety in the 650 examples given in Mr. Hands's book, and when used with discretion and with due attention to practice, they will be a useful discipline.

Professor Ramsay's little manual on Chemical Theory is a thoroughly useful guide in a most important department of chemistry. The experiments illustrating the various fundamental theories have all been done by Professor Ramsay's students in his laboratory at Bristol during the last two years, so that their practicability has been well tested. Moreover, Mr. Ramsay encourages his students to make their own apparatus—an excellent piece of training. The field covered by the manual includes such subjects as measurement of temperatures, pressure and weight, relations of the volume of gases to temperature and pressure, air, water, atoms and molecules, specific heat, replacement, the periodic law, and so on; so that it treats practically of the subjects that lie at the very foundation of the science. The book ought to find its way into chemical laboratories.

Mr. Bettany's *Elementary Physiology* is, on the whole, sensible and practical. His aim has been to interest children in the knowledge of their own bodies; and, if science is to be taught in schools, certainly this should receive the first attention. Mr. Bettany has endeavoured to avoid wearying the pupil with too much detail, and the illustrations he has interwoven are intelligible and appropriate. He rightly urges the use of actual objects, and not merely diagrams or models, to illustrate the various sections; though, even if they were always procurable, there might be strong objections to the introduction into ordinary schools of a real brain, or arm, or stomach. Mr. Bettany sometimes strains analogy a little too far, although it is extremely difficult to know how to present the results of science to young people so as to be perfectly intelligible. Even the best text-books are of little use except in the hands of a skilful teacher, and therefore the suggestions given for practical teaching after many of the lessons will be found serviceable.

The position of geographical teaching in this country is at present exciting some attention; indeed, there is no country where it is so inadequately taught. In the United States it holds a much more satisfactory position, and, to judge from Miss Lucretia Crocker's notes on *Methods of Teaching Geography*, very sound ideas seem to exist on the subject. These notes were originally given as a series of lectures to teachers; and, in the elementary stages especially, the great object of the author is to train children to observe. The notes begin with the simplest notions to be learned in a thoroughly practical manner, and lead gradually up to the highest stages of physical and political geography. We are glad to notice that Miss Crocker insists on making physical the basis of political geography, and on letting the pupil understand clearly the close relations which exist between the latter and the former. We commend the book to the notice of teachers who desire to go beyond the mere memory-work that generally passes for geography in this country.

Mr. Barnes's "Note-book of Geology" will be useful both as an *aide-memoire* and as a text-book. It seems to us a careful and conscientious piece of work, a sort of summary of Lyell's *Student's Elements*. One of its leading features is a series of tables, wherein the various formations are arranged in their stratigraphical order, and their chief characteristics mentioned in the same horizontal line; so that at a glance we can read the name of a formation, its development in England and Wales (and, in certain cases, in foreign countries), its mineral character, chief fossils, and prominent features. In connexion with each table is a map of England and Wales, in which only the strata under consideration are depicted, and a plate of fossils is given, to illustrate the organisms

belonging to each separate period. A short classification of the animal and vegetable kingdom and a glossary are added. Both the maps and illustrations are delicately and clearly executed, and the book ought to be found serviceable.

The student is fortunate who receives his first introduction to Geology through Professor Shaler's little text-book. The author himself has that thorough knowledge of his subject which is required in order to be able to explain it to "the man in the street"; his style is clearness itself, and his method of presenting his facts cannot fail to secure the interest of his readers. In this First Book Dr. Shaler's aim has been to give the student a general idea of the leading principles of the science, some conception of those forces which have shaped the earth. "The effort of the writer has been to select from the great store of the geologist such things as will give the student an idea of the world as a great workshop, where the geological forces are constantly working towards definite ends." The method adopted by Dr. Shaler is well adapted to secure his object. Water is certainly one of the greatest forces with which the geologist has to deal, and with the action of water Dr. Shaler begins his lessons. Beginning with pebbles, sand, and clay, he goes on to the making of rocks—conglomerate, sandstone, "mud stones," limestone, and coal. Then follows the work of water combined with that of air, involving some account of the air itself and the special work of water. Veins in their various forms are dealt with, and the course and action of water underground, involving a great variety of phenomena. Under the heading of "Depths of the Earth," volcanic action in its various forms is dealt with, and the currents of the air and sea. Then follow the various irregularities of the earth and their origins, valleys and lakes, and the movements of the earth's surface. In several chapters organic life is dealt with in various aspects, followed by a brief account of the succession of events on the earth's surface, in which the processes of evolution are traced with great precision and interest. An appendix is devoted to the crystalline rocks. Instead of a table of contents, a series of questions on each lesson is prefixed, designed to direct the student to his personal experiences as well as to the statements in the book. As might be expected, Dr. Shaler strongly insists on the student using the book mainly as a help to understand the nature around him, advising him to keep a look-out for whatever facts have a bearing on the matter given in the book. "Above all," he says, "I beg each reader and student of this book to remember that the earth is full of lessons that can be read by every one that wishes to know them—lessons that will widen the mind and make the soul more fit for the duties and pleasures of life. The inattentive eye never gets the teaching; but, to those who learn to look rightly on this world, it gives without stint from its great store of truth." The general tone of the book is completely wholesome and stimulating. Appended to this edition (though also published separately) are very valuable directions to teachers using this primer as it really is. These directions are greatly needed, and ought to be carefully studied and acted on by teachers of elementary geology generally. Altogether Dr. Shaler's First Book is an excellent specimen of its class.

Mr. Grove's *Synopsis of the Bacteria and Yeast Fungi* will give those unacquainted with the subject a very satisfactory and striking idea of the multitude of forms which even the lowest forms of life assume. Some 133 species of organisms are enumerated, many of which are mere tiny threads and dots, which it is difficult to believe have any permanently typical form. That they, however, play a part of momentous importance in the animal kingdom will be seen from the formidable list of diseases of which they are, in some of their protean forms, the invariable accompaniment. Mr. Grove's little treatise is partly adapted from Dr. G. Winter's *Die Pilze*, and partly his own compilation; and those who are ignorant of the subject will obtain from it a good idea of what research has done in this direction. The very numerous illustrations are executed with great care.

CORNISH WORTHIES.*

THIS is a very complete book, as a book. It consists of a dedication, "To the worthiest of women, my wife"; of a table of contents; of preludes, being quotations from Job, the *Æneid*, Bacon, Emerson, and other worthies, justifying the enterprise; of an introduction, which is apologetic:—"May I allege another and chief reason for writing this work? It is, that I thought those persons were right who considered the celebrities of my native county had not received the notice which they deserved." The modest and apologetic tone of the introduction would disarm all hostile criticism; but there are certain rather surprising things to be found in the book which call for comment, if not explanation.

The dates range from the time of William the Conqueror to this century, living worthies being very properly excluded; and during all those eight centuries there would appear, on the face of it, to have been only twenty-two Cornish worthies. It is true that the title "Cornish Worthies" is modified, on opening the book, by the words "Some Cornish Worthies"; but the selection of worthies is such that

* *Cornish Worthies*. By Walter H. Tregellas. 2 vols. London: Elliot Stock. 1884.

the reader must wonder at the small number to be found. Although, according to the table of contents, there are only twenty-two worthies, yet whole families of worthies are included under the names of the Arundells, Bassets, Boscawens, Godolphins, Grenvilles, Killigrews, and St. Aubyns. All told, however, and their worth, as described, duly considered, the number is small for eight centuries of Cornishmen.

Two difficulties present themselves in the book. One is to determine what it is to be Cornish. The other is to know what it is to be worthy. A few extracts will show that it is by no means easy to solve these problems. The worthies are placed alphabetically, not chronologically, nor according to merit, which last order might be invidious. There is a Cornish adage that says:—

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,
You may know the Cornish men.

But of the twenty-two worthies there is only one Tre, Trevithick, there is no Pol, and no Pen. However, "What's in a name?"

The first chapter is headed "Ralph Allen; the Man of Business and Philanthropist," but subsequently the "Man of Bath." There is a quotation from Emerson in the prelude, and surely no better example could be followed in heading the chapters "John Austin; the Herald"; "Henry Bone; the Enamelist"; "Richard Lauder; the Explorer"; and so forth. In the case of Allen, "St. Blazey Highway has a clear title to being the birthplace of Ralph Allen; but his parentage is doubtful." He, therefore, ranks as a Cornish worthy because he was born in Cornwall, which is plain sailing enough. "Admiral Viscount Exmouth," however, another of the twenty-two, was born at Dover. He was Edward Pellew, "originally, it is said, of Norman extraction." His mother was of Herefordshire, but the Pelles were "an old-established West Cornwall family," and his portrait "gives the unmistakably Cornish physiognomy." Mothers, it seems, go for nothing in the making of a Cornishman. "The Arundells; Ecclesiastics and Warriors," are of the number, who were of "French origin"—"borne out by the fact that the early Arundells obtained from the Conqueror considerable grants of land in Dorsetshire and Staffordshire." They are the same family as the Arundells of Wardour; "I have, however, been unable to obtain any clear traces of their connexion with Cornwall earlier than towards the middle of the thirteenth century." They were Cornish nevertheless, and some curious examples of their worth are given. They were called the great Arundells, "on account, says Camden, of their vast riches." One had no less than fifty-two complete suits of cloth of gold. Another, Dominus Johannes Arundell, after repulsing the French fleet, carried off from an English convent "the sacred vessels of its church and several of the sisterhood as well, whereupon they were most righteously excommunicated by the priest. A violent tempest pursued them for their misdoings." "The unhappy women were flung overboard to lighten the ships." "The Grenvilles; Heroes by Sea and Land," are also Cornish. "In his *Worthies of Devon*, Prince, no doubt willingly enough, offers a compromise with Cornwall as to the ownership of the Grenvilles." "But, as it appears to me, Cornwall could not, even if she would, spare the Grenvilles." "That keen observer, the late Canon Kingsley, has, moreover, not failed to detect in the portrait of the great Sir Richard the thoroughly Cornish type of face." "But it must be reluctantly confessed that they are, after all, not of strictly Cornish origin; for, though they lived for centuries in the county, they came in, like the Bevills, with the Conqueror." Seven of the twenty-two worthies are recorded, reluctantly, no doubt, as having come in with the Conqueror. On this subject "Major Glynn is reported to have said," when "Lord de Dunstanville had spoken with laudable pride of his ancestors having come over with the Conqueror," "Well, and what of that, my Lord? Mine were here centuries before the Conqueror was born." Major Glynn must certainly have been Cornish. The Grenvilles also afford some puzzling instances of worth. "Sir Richard, brother of Sir Bevil" (not the great Sir Richard, of course) "to get his arrears of pay," "pretended to lend a not unwilling ear to the Parliament's suggestion, that in return for being paid the money due to him he should transfer his sword from the King's cause to theirs. Indeed, he even went so far as to take the command of a body of Roundhead horse, and marched upon Basing." But he "persuaded all his officers and men to proceed to Oxford instead, where he placed the services of his whole party at the King's disposal, whereupon the Parliamentarians righteously enough dubbed him skellum (scoundrel)." "Clarendon (his foe), and the prejudiced and inaccurate Echard, give very unflattering accounts of Sir Richard." "His son, Richard Grenville, in the Interregnum of Cromwell, was executed at Tyburne for robbing Passengers on the High way to relieve his necessity." Is this the sort of stuff Cornish worthies are made of? Not at all. But Mr. Tregellas burdens his worthies with these makeweights. "The Killigrews; Diplomats, Warriors, Courtiers, and Poets," are of the twenty-two Cornish worthies. But "the incomparable Anne, the fairest and brightest of all the Killigrews, was born in St. Martin's Lane. Her father, Henry Killigrew, was born at Hanworth"; and "I have failed to trace the maiden name of either of his wives." Of course the incomparable Anne is Cornish nevertheless. In the matter of their worth "John Killigrew has been stigmatized as a pirate." "Dame Killigrew, accompanied by some ruffians, boarded two Dutch ships (in Falmouth harbour), slew the owners, and seized two hogsheds of pieces of eight, which she took 'for her own use.'" "She barely escaped," "the

others being executed at Launceston." "Of Tom Killigrew, the King's jester as he is sometimes inaccurately styled, probably more persons have heard than of any other member of this family." He wrote plays. "Dibdin, in his *History of the Stage*, points out that these plays are by no means original, tracing some of them to their source, and calling them 'paste and scissors' affairs. But this is not their chief defect. I have, as I thought myself in duty bound, read one of them, and intend never to read another. How it was possible even in that dissolute age—'never to be recalled,' as Macaulay says, 'without a blush'—for a man to sit down and deliberately write such obscene buffoonery, and dedicate it to ladies, I cannot imagine." So much for the Killigrews. Then there is "Thomasine Bonaventura, Lady Mayoress of London." The only woman of all the chosen twenty-two, though one or two other women appear as members of families. She was "a poor shepherd maiden, and tended her sheep on the wild moorlands of North Cornwall." Her name sounds very much as if she had acquired it after the manner of Oliver Twist. She married three husbands, the third of whom, Sir John Percyvall, was Lord Mayor of London; and she was very charitable, giving "two shillings and twopence to be paid to two priests, for bread and ale, when 'my Lady Percyvall's meneday' came round." Another of the twenty-two is "Incedona the Singer," who went to sea as a lad, and "contracted the low tastes and hard drinking habits which disfigured his career." The reader will be here reminded that "Cornwall has always been celebrated for the rich quality of its bass voices, but is not remarkable for the number or excellence of those of the tenor register." Yet another of the twenty-two is "The Rev. Henry Martyn, B.D.; the Christian Missionary and Oriental Scholar," whose "introspection was morbidly minute, his temper naturally irritable, and his religious views generally of the gloomiest, as well as of an impracticable character." "Charles Kingsley used to say of Martyn, 'My mind is in a chaos about him'; and, when in India, 'he was at the time so strict a sabbatarian that he thought he was doing wrong in translating even the Prayer Book into Hindostanee on a Sunday.'"

These quotations by no means exhaust the curious specimens of worth to be found in the book, which is strongly flavoured with them throughout, minute details of such like worthies, worth being a matter of taste and opinion, pervading the whole work. Worthies of universally acknowledged worth are certainly to be found in the book; but why such men as Trelawny and Molesworth should be omitted to give place to Bone and Incedona does not seem clear. No one who has been in Cornwall, or knows Cornish people, can be otherwise than aware that the word Cornish means excellence, whatever else it may mean. There is Cornish cream, beside which Devonshire cream is a thing of naught. There can be no doubt of the merits of Cornwall and the Cornish people. Cornwall is a very interesting and pretty English county, and the Cornish population is probably the most sober, quiet and orderly in England; but the county and the people are emphatically English and nothing else. The Cornish people are very industrious, very steady, very law-abiding; they are remarkable for the organization of their industries, they make the best of emigrants and settlers in colonies, all of which qualities are precisely those that distinguish the English nation. It is very natural and laudable to have patriotic feelings for one's city or county or country, and Mr. Tregellas, by showing the world the real merits of his Cornish brethren, would be doing a great service of a very interesting nature. But it cannot be said that he has succeeded in doing this. The worth he has exposed to the gaze of the world is not particularly Cornish worth, and the worthies themselves are not exclusively Cornish. There are Cornish people who seem to crave to be something not English; they want to be descended from the Phœnicians, or from the Jews, or to be Celts, trying to shake the dust of England from off their feet. Considering that the English, for the small space of time in the world's history occupied by the last few centuries, have been the dominant race, it is rather surprising to find a great anxiety to repudiate any connexion with them. The craze for nationality is a little overdone in outlying districts, and amounts to something like vulgarity when carried to excess.

Mr. Tregellas's introduction is an apology. No apology is needed for presenting to the public a history of Cornish Worthies, which would be of great interest, and there are many of them; but let them be worthies, and let them be Cornish, if definitions of the words can be found.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

IT is satisfactory to find one handsome picture-book at least, if not many more, which has no trace in it of foreign workmanship. Mr. Sidney Lee and Mr. Edward Hull are to be congratulated on the appearance as a separate volume of their articles and drawings of *Stratford-on-Avon, from the Earliest Times to the Death of William Shakespeare* (Seeley & Co.) Mr. Hull's larger etchings are a little too empty, but his vignettes are extremely pleasing. We may name for special praise a little view of the Chapel of the Guild on p. 16, and a view of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on p. 76, to which Mr. Hull has contrived to impart a measure of picturesqueness by putting the Avon between us and it. Mr. Sidney Lee belongs to the new school of topographers. He goes to the very root of things, and begins at the

very beginning by showing from the name that, like five other Stratfords, it was on a Roman road. There is, of course, a good deal of mention of Shakspeare, though, equally of course, it only brings out more plainly what we must all regretfully acknowledge—namely, that very little is known about the poet, and that all the researches, the centenaries, the jubilees, and the Society meetings have added hardly anything to what we knew before. Shakspeare's true history eludes the grasp of his admirers still, and almost the only unquestioned facts about him are that he lived and that he died and was buried at Stratford. "The last surviving descendant of Shakspeare," says Mr. Lee, "was Elizabeth Hall, whose first husband, Thomas Nash, who had studied at Lincoln's Inn, died in 1647. She afterwards married Sir John Barnard, a Northamptonshire gentleman, and died, without issue by either marriage, in 1670." New Place belonged to her. It was pulled down to avoid the annoyance caused by sightseers in 1759. Judith Shakspeare, the poet's younger daughter, married, when she was thirty-one, Thomas Quiney, four years her junior, who brought her to poverty. She died in 1662, having survived her three children. Mr. Lee does not tell us how far Mr. Black's romance is founded on fact, though he says "the marriage was performed without a license, and some doubt of its legality followed." It would be easy to prolong a notice of this pleasant and pretty book. Mr. Lee has treated his subject most judiciously, not running away with it, as is the wont of most writers on Shakspeare. Another very handsome volume comes from the same publishers. This is Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *Paris in Old and Present Times*. There is special reference to the changes which the French capital has undergone in its architecture and topography; but the absence of a map is a serious drawback to the usefulness of the book. Mr. Hamerton has known Paris well for seven-and-twenty years, and does not like the French system of living on flats; yet he acknowledges that the magnificent appearance of Parisian streets is due to this system. Nor does he like very large towns; and, though Paris is but a small place compared with London, and most things in Paris seem to him to be on a small scale, still it is too large for him. With all these and other allowances, however, Mr. Hamerton writes of Paris as if he loved and admired it, and certainly he knows it and its history very thoroughly; and, partly from the interesting nature of the narrative itself, but still more from his lucid and attractive style, which would make almost any subject pleasant, there is not a dull or tedious paragraph in the volume. The illustrations are abundant, both in the form of full-page etchings and vignettes. The artists comprise M. Brunet Debaines, who gives us the Sainte Chapelle; M. Toussaint, who etches the Hôtel Cluny; M. Lalanne, who contributes a large view of Paris from the windows of the Louvre; and M. Martial, who has drawn, with great skill and care, the new Hôtel de Ville. There are many other pictures, all of the best; but they bring out more and more clearly the fact that there is no one central feature in Paris by which alone it may be recognized, no St. Paul's, no Palace of Parliament, no Duomo, no St. Peter's—nothing, in fact, which brings the view together, so to speak. Of course a Parisian may retort that this is owing to the high average level of the buildings; and it must be allowed that, though Notre Dame is a very third-rate church, and though the French have been very active in removing traces of mediæval antiquity, such as the Temple and the old towers of the Palais de Justice, yet their more important buildings, the Louvre, the Madeleine, the Hôtel de Ville, the Pantheon, and the tomb of Napoleon are not easily matched elsewhere. Mr. Hamerton's chapter on street architecture is one of the most valuable in the book; and it is impossible not to agree with him when he says, "In London, as in all our English towns, the ordinary builders have worked without any notion of architecture at all, and the real architect has seldom been called in unless to erect some important public building. In Paris architecture of some kind is very common. Thousands of houses have been erected with a definite architectural intention; and this architectural tendency has of late years become so habitual that in the better quarters of the city a building hardly ever rises from the ground unless it has been designed by some architect who knows what art is, and endeavours to apply it to little things as well as great."

Another very pretty book is Hawthorne's *Wonderbook for Girls and Boys* (Nimmo). The illustrations are by Mr. Church, and are above the average, but not very ambitious.

English Scenery: a New Poem, by the Rev. James Holroyde (London Literary Society), is said on the title-page to be profusely illustrated, and the names of some eminent artists follow. But neither the poetry nor the illustrations need delay us long. Mr. Holroyde writes easy blank verse. Here is a favourable specimen:—

Then the pale harvest moon, her silver bow
Shows in the wide expanse above; and stars
Reflect their faces in the nightly dews,
And quiver on the surface of the stream.

The mention of the stars brings Miss Agnes Giberne's *Among the Stars* (Seeley) to our notice. It is an attempt to teach astronomy to small children, and, allowing for the moment that the strangely-named Ikon represents any very numerous class among children, it is very well done. Ikon asks questions of his nurse, who gives him no satisfaction. "Wouldn't anybody care," he inquires, "if a star was lost?" "I shouldn't," she replies. "I want to know," he goes on, "what the stars are." "That's easy enough," she answers; "they are stars." Then he wonders they are so

bright, on which she suggests that it is because they shine; and when he asks what makes them shine, she is equally ready with "because they are bright." He applies to his father, who is almost equally ignorant, and eventually a clever German, Herr Lehrer, appears on the scene, and the little boy gets answers to his questions, and very good, clear answers they are. The pictures are generally very pretty, and some of them, such as the "Total Eclipse of the India Rubber Ball," well calculated to teach.

Three Sixteenth Century Sketches, by Sarah Brook (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is an account of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, of Coligny, and of the Regent Murray. All the sketches are well and clearly drawn. Miss Brook evidently understands what she writes about. She has read the best authorities, and has assimilated what she has read; the narrative runs smoothly, and the only faults we find are in mere matters of detail. The portrait frontispiece is much more like our William III. than his great-grandfather. What were the dukedom of the Netherlands and the kingdom of Orange, both of which are mentioned? Who was "the Prince of Anjou"? As William the Silent was assassinated in 1584, how can he have been in a campaign in 1668? Queen Mary of Scotland was in England for about nineteen years before her death, not thirteen, as Miss Brook says. There are several other slips of the kind, which greatly mar the authority of an otherwise excellent, useful, and moderate summary of three remarkable biographies.

Heroes of American Discovery, by N. D'Anvers (Marcus Ward), deserves better print, paper, and pictures. It is, of course, more or less a compilation, but has been executed with care, and the narrative flows on very smoothly. It begins with the Atlantis of the ancients, and ends with the Mormons and Flemings' expedition to the great North-West, so that it forms almost a history of America. *The Birthday Book of Art and Artists* (Hogg) is compiled by Miss Davenport Adams, and is dedicated to Sir Frederick Leighton. Miss Adams, being anxious, as she tells us in the preface, to make the volume both useful and interesting, has not only introduced into the body of the book, under the dates of their births, the names of as many artists of all ages and countries as circumstances would allow, but has appended to nearly all the names a short list of the most popular of each artist's works. There is a supplement containing the names of artists whose exact birthday Miss Adams could not ascertain, among whom we are surprised to find some very well-known names, such as Scott, Street, Watts, Gainsborough, Dyce, and others. The book, apart from the birthday album, which is absurd, may really be very useful, and concludes with an excellent index.

We noticed last week the influx of books from America published here without any reference to their place of origin. Another is before us in *Stuff and Nonsense*, by A. B. Frost (Nimmo). But a moment's examination shows where the verses, at all events, come from; the pictures are very funny, but the "libretto" is so essentially American, and American in the most vulgar way, that we refrain from quoting any of it. *The Deserted Village*, by Oliver Goldsmith, sketched by F. S. Walker (De la Rue), is very pretty, something in the style of Mr. Caldecott. *King Fo, the Lord of Misrule*, a Twelfth Night story, told in rhyme and picture by Robert Dudley (De La Rue), is not nearly so good, and the verses are worthy of the pictures. *Griffinhook*, by Crona Temple (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), is a very pretty story of a reformed drunkard, a foundling, and a dear dog called Joss, who comes to an untimely end in the execution of his duty. We may strongly recommend this healthy little novel, for it is nothing less. *Twice Bought*, a tale of the Oregon gold-fields, by R. M. Ballantine (Nisbet), is, like so many books by the same writer, sure to be welcome to boys who enjoy thrilling adventures. The illustrations are very poor. *The Adventures of Maurice Drummore*, by Lindon Meadows, with illustrations by Frank Abell (Hogg), appeared originally in a magazine many years ago. Strange to say, its want of merit was not then discovered. The illustrations go beyond the low average of the present year in such books, being in fact ludicrously grotesque. It is difficult to wade far enough into the book to give a very complete account of it; but we may summarize its characteristics by saying it abounds in nautical adventures, practical jokes, battles, love-making, ghosts, and other elements common to imitators of Captain Marryat; that the style is very curious, the print very bad, the object or moral of the book impalpable, and the whole story so disconnected that it is difficult to follow. Very superior in every way is Mr. Henty's *True to the Old Flag* (Blackie), a tale of the American War of Independence. The pictures, from drawings by Mr. Gordon Browne, by a process which is very successful, are above the average of this year. Mr. Henty's object is patriotic. As he well observes, we are too much accustomed to regard the war between the colonies in America and England as one in which we were not only beaten but humiliated. There is, however, a different side to the story, and this it has been his endeavour to put forward. The book is almost unique in its class in having illustrative maps, the first being a plan of the English victory of Bunker's Hill. *The Mutiny of the Albatross*, by F. F. Moore (S. P. C. K.), is a very stirring story indeed. The old admiral is a pleasant character, and the mutiny is described very graphically; but the story seems to have been hastily finished, and some of the characters are introduced only to be dismissed and apparently forgotten. *Black Jack* (S. P. C. K.), and other temperance tales, consists of six short and slight stories very suitable for reading aloud in a class. They are all fairly well written, but "One too Many" is perhaps the best. Not in

Vain, by Mary E. Palgrave (S. P. C. K.), is a well-written story, although the plot is rather feeble. A young man thinks he can invent a machine for spinning worsted as easily as cotton, and sacrifices his position as a clerk in order to devote himself to working out his idea. His sister sympathizes in his ambition, and submits to trial and privation. *A Small Rebellion*, by C. S. Lowndes (S. P. C. K.), tells of three little boys who determine to resist the authority of a temporary governess who has charge of them during their mother's absence. Whether this is quite a suitable plot for a child's book, parents may judge for themselves. All our sympathies are with the rebellious little boys, whose wickedness is very pleasantly described. We have received from the same Society *A Vampire, and other Stories; The Snow King's Trumpeter; Shadow and Shine*, by Mary Davidson; and *Miles Lambert's Three Chances*, by Mary E. Palgrave. *Queen Amethyst*, by Henry Blunt (Marcus Ward), is illustrated with very pretty and delicate drawings; but, alas! the gift of fairy-tale writing, so far as we can judge by this year's books, is as extinct as the dodo. Something more is wanted than merely improbable incidents and a prince and princess.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second edition of M. Salomon Reinach's *Manuel de philologie* (1) is practically a new book, and the mere fact of a second edition of such a book having been called for in a few years would entitle it to notice. It deserves, moreover, so much praise as an evidence of extensive learning that one is half inclined to forgive its anomalous and desultory character, and to refrain from asking what particular purpose it is intended to subserve. The author admits with great ingenuousness that if he had kept the book in manuscript a little longer he should not have published it at all, and we cannot wonder at this. For M. Reinach understands philology in the widest possible sense, and if we may make a distinction which is by no means without difference, he has compiled rather a philologist's manual than a manual of philology, at least in the sense in which we are accustomed to understand philology in England. He gives a sketch of the history of the science and of the great scholars of the world in one chapter, a bibliography of classical bibliography in another, with a few remarks on the chief libraries and museums, then one on paleography, then one on ancient art (ancient art knocked off in forty pages!), then a comparative grammar of Sanskrit, Greek and Latin in fifty pages, sixty on the antiquities of Greece, ninety on those of Rome, &c. &c. Then in his second volume he returns on all these things, and in some three hundred large pages of very close type adds to and corrects them. The scheme is ambitious, but we are afraid impossible. We do not say that, for instance, an English undergraduate reading for honours or a foreign student in parallel case might not often find very useful information in M. Reinach. But the thing cannot be done on the scale, and if the book be taken as a kind of encyclopædia of classical study (which it seems to aim at being), we are reluctantly compelled to say that its effect would most probably be to increase the race of *savantasses*, not that of *savants*.

M. de la Barre Duparcq has followed up his monographs on Francis II., Charles IX., and Henri III. with one on the *vert galant* (2). He takes credit, and not unjustly, for having discarded the legendary aspect of his hero, and dealt with him after the fashion of a sober history. The book is not remarkable for style or for any very novel or acute reflections; while its sketches of manners and customs are a little desultory and superficial. But the author has clearly acquainted himself with a great deal of contemporary literature, and has arranged a considerable number of useful facts in an orderly and sensible manner.

The tenth volume of M. Reinach's collection of the *actes et paroles* of Gambetta has appeared (3). It is doubtful whether students and historians of the future will bless M. Reinach for his completeness, or curse him for the voluminousness which accompanies it.

The issue of M. Leconte de Lisle's version of the *Iliad* in a single cheap volume (4) deserves to be noted. The poet (the French one we mean) prides himself on exact translation, and, as his readers have long known, especially on exact transliteration of Greek names. But he has not, after the fashion of some recent translators in other languages, attempted to archaïse his French style in any way; and we must confess that Homer, literally rendered into purely modern French, has a singularly bald appearance. No two vehicles of expression can possibly be more opposed in character than early Greek verse and contemporary French prose. This is so much of a commonplace that it would be hardly necessary to assert it if it did not seem to be contradicted by the practice of a writer so justly esteemed as M. Leconte de Lisle. But, as a matter of fact, it is not contradicted by his practice, but established thereby.

It may be doubted whether any country possesses a popular scientific series superior to Messrs. Hachette's "Bibliothèque des

Merveilles" (5), and the latest addition to this, Colonel Hennebert's manual of torpedoes, will certainly not be one of its least useful members. Everybody talks of torpedoes (even in England, where we do not trouble ourselves about naval matters), but not everybody knows much about them. Colonel Hennebert has prefaced the book with an account of the earlier fireships, infernal machines, and other similar engines, together with some notice of the chief historical occasions of their use. In this it seems to us that he passes rather lightly over the affair of the Basque Roads, being not the first of French writers to do so. The rest of the book is in the same way partly technical (a description of the various kinds of torpedoes and torpedo-boats, with diagrams) and partly historical (an account of the occasions on which during their brief history they have been used). After what we have said about the Basque Roads, it is only justice to Colonel Hennebert to say that he is very forbearing in his account of the unlucky *Shah* and *Huascar* business.

Mr. Tarver's *Eton French Translator* (6) is a volume of extracts, given exactly as they should be—that is to say, without introduction, vocabulary, note, or comment, and intended to exercise the pupil for unseen translation in examinations. They appear to be well suited for the purpose, though we should have liked to see an intermixture of harder pieces still. "Unseen" for exercise can scarcely be too hard, for examiners nowadays go designedly to writers who have ransacked the dictionary, and the student who has merely been accustomed to ordinary French is frequently daunted thereby.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SYMPATHY with men who have fought against an established government, no matter why or how, is a very favourite delusion with some people in these days. Nobody, therefore, need be surprised to find Miss Cowen putting such very different heroes as Wat Tyler and Andrew Hofer on very much the same footing in her *Tales of Revolution and Patriotism* (Walter Scott). Most of her heroes, indeed, would be surprised to find themselves in the company collected in this book. It would, for instance, be interesting and amusing also to hear what Schamyl had to say of Toussaint l'Ouverture, or what "the Holy Junta" would have thought of Simon Bolivar. Miss Cowen does not trouble herself with these details. She has a healthy admiration for good fighters, though with a preference for those who have fought for what may, by overlooking a good deal, be called a popular cause. This Radical prejudice misleads her, as it has misled more famous writers, into seeing popular causes in very curious places. Miss Cowen, for instance, thinks that Juan de Padilla, the leader of the Spanish cities in the commotions at the beginning of the reign of Charles V., was a patriot who died for freedom. In point of fact, he died for the privileges of Toledo, including its right of pit and gallows in neighbouring towns, which is quite another thing. To be sure, the author makes no pretence to independent knowledge, but simply takes all these *Tales of Revolution and Patriotism* at second-hand. They are reprinted from the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and are fairly good specimens of padding.

Mr. J. Fayle's *Spitalfields Genius* (Hodder and Stoughton) is a good subject spoiled by a detestably affected style. The author has undertaken to tell the life of W. Allen, the Quaker chemist and philanthropist. It has been done before, but it might have been innocently done again. Mr. Fayle, however, has contrived to make a book on it which is quite intolerable. He is laboriously jocular. He pulls his reader by the ear, and continually asks him to reflect how wonderful this is and how remarkable that; how strange it was that Allen should be a Quaker—a poor humble Quaker—and still speak on quite familiar terms with august Emperors. By these graces of style he contrives to make the life of a pious and disinterested, though apparently slightly silly, man appear absolutely ridiculous.

The sketch of the life and work of Charles Darwin (Trübner & Co.), written by Mr. E. Woodall, was "contributed to the Transactions of the Shropshire Archeological Society." Nothing very original was to be expected from a piece of work of this kind. It is enough if it gives commonly known facts in a pleasant way; and Mr. Woodall does that.

Ladies who wish to find some way of earning money will be much misled if they seek for instruction in the pages of *Self-Help for Women*, by a *Woman of Business* (James Hogg). It professes to be "a practical guide to remunerative trades and occupations suitable for women and girls." What it really does is to rattle off the names of a variety of trades at which women work. After reading it no woman or girl will know any better how she is to learn these arts and mysteries. Some of the historical paragraphs are praiseworthy from the comic point of view. Miriam the prophetess was, it seems, a species of woman of business, and "Theodelinda, Queen of the Lombards, was one of the women of business of the seventh century."

The *Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices* (Cassell & Co.) is undoubtedly useful. It gives information as to what Government offices employ women, and on what terms.

Grandfather (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a fairly well illustrated story, meant, we imagine, for little girls. As it is quite harmless

(1) *Manuel de philologie classique*. Par Salomon Reinach. Deuxième édition. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Histoire de Henri Quatre*. Par E. de la Barre Duparcq. Paris: Didier.

(3) *Discours et plaidoyers politiques de M. Gambetta*. Par J. Reinach. Tome x. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Homère—Iliade*. Par Leconte de Lisle. Paris: Lemerre.

(5) *Les torpilles*. Par le Colonel Hennebert. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *The Eton French Translator*. By H. Tarver. London: Stanford.

their parents may approve of it. As it is very long-winded and full of small details the little girls will doubtless like it.

Messrs. R. J. Fulton and T. C. Trueblood, "Associate Founders of the University School of Oratory, Mo." have made a collection of *Choice Readings from Standard and Popular Authors* (Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.) for the benefit of scholars learning to orate. It contains more American poetry and American eloquence than we should think good for an English schoolboy, but that was inevitable. Allowing for this defect, it is a fairly good collection.

The Bohn editions of *The Table Talk and Omniana of Coleridge* and *Walton's Lives* are now reprinted by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Both are in the red which is replacing the well-known dingy green of the old series, but whereas the *Table Talk* is smooth, *Walton's Lives* is bound in that detestable gritty cloth which the perverse British publisher still delights in.

An eighth edition of Mr. Hole's *Book about Roses* (William Blackwood & Sons) is published. We have also to notice *The Band of Mercy Guide to Natural History: an Elementary Book on Zoology*, by Vernon S. Morwood (John Hogg), and the *Trinity College, London, Calendar for 1884*, printed by Spottiswoode & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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CONTENTS OF No. 1516, NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

The Battle of the Houses.

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Fitzgerald's Acquittal. A Very Dead Horse.
A Modern Odysseus. The Contest at Hackney. Zululand.
The Army. Shows. Lord Lytton's Letters.
Ministers at the Dinner-Table.

Dead Game. The Chamberlainiad.

St. Bernards. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" at the Court Theatre.
A German Quarrel. "Parsifal" at the Albert Hall.
The State of Trade. The Theatres.
"Alexandre Dumas and his Plagiarisms."
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STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—The FIRST ORDINARY MEETING of the present SESSION will be held on Tuesday, the 18th instant, at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, S.W., London, when the President, Sir RAWSON W. HAWSON, K.C.M.G., C.B., will deliver an Inaugural Address on "BRITISH and FOREIGN COLONIES." The Chair will be taken at 7.45 P.M. Officers: 9 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The following are the Dates at which the several EXAMINATIONS in the UNIVERSITY of LONDON for the Year 1885 will commence:

Matriculation	Monday, January 12, and Monday, June 15.
Bachelor of Arts	Intermediate, Monday, July 29. B.A., Monday, October 26.
Master of Arts	Branch I., Monday, June 1; Branch II., Monday, June 8; Branch III., Monday, June 15.
Doctor of Literature	Intermediate, Monday, June 1. D.Lit., Tuesday, December 1.
Scriptural Examinations	Tuesday, December 1.
Bachelor of Science	Intermediate, Monday, July 29. B.Sc., Monday, October 19.
Doctor of Science	Within the first Twenty-one days of June.
Bachelor of Laws	Intermediate, Monday, January 5. B.L., Monday, January 20.
Doctor of Laws	Tuesday, January 20.
Bachelor of Medicine	Preliminary Scientific, Monday, July 29. Intermediate, Monday, July 29. M.B., Monday, November 1.
Bachelor of Surgery	Tuesday, December 8.
Master in Surgery	Monday, December 7.
Doctor of Medicine	Monday, December 7.
Subjects relating to Public Health	Monday, December 11.
Bachelor of Music	Intermediate, Monday, December 14. B.Mus., Monday, December 21.
Doctor of Music	Intermediate, Monday, December 14. D.Mus., Monday, December 21.
Art, &c., of Teaching	Tuesday, March 3.

The Regulations relating to the above Examinations and Degrees may be obtained on application to "The Registrar of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W." November 14, 1883. ARTHUR MILLMAN, M.A., Registrar.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL, OXFORD. Master, the Rev. H. C. OGLE, Fellow and late Tutor of Magdalen College, Ireland, and Canon Scholar of the same. The School is under the supervision of the Master, and is open to all boys who are desirous of receiving the supervision of the Master, particular attention is given to young boys, and there is special preparation for scholarships and exhibitions. Among the successes gained in the month June, 1882—June 1884, are:—First Classical Scholarship, Queen's; First Classical Scholarship, Keble; Classical Scholarship, Queen's; Mathematical Scholarship, St. John's; Natural Science Scholarship, Jesus; First Class in Final Mathematical School; First Class in Classical Moderations; two First Classes in Mathematical Moderations; Accessit to Junior Mathematical (University) Scholarship. Terms in the schoolhouse for board, tuition in the ordinary subjects, and school subscriptions, Sixty-nine Guineas per annum. For information relative to scholarships, Exhibitions, and terms for Day Scholars, apply to the Rector and the MASTER.

MATRICULATION and other EXAMS.—Rev. W. D. ALLEN, from 1871-1881 Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, assisted by a Cambridge Scholar and Senior Optime, takes PUPILS at FULDA Rectory, Worthing. Of 30 Pupils in three years three only have failed to pass at the first attempt. Highest references in Oxford and country.

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, NOTTINGHAM.—The HEAD-MASTERSHIP of this School will be vacant at Christmas next, and the Governors invite applications. The Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners prescribes that the Head-Master must be a Graduate of some University in the United Kingdom, but no one shall be disqualified from being a Master by reason of his not being or not intending to be in Holy Orders. The emoluments of the office will consist of a fixed yearly stipend of £200, and a capitation payment of £3 for each boy attending the School up to 300, and £2 for every additional boy, together with a residence of 1000. The School will accommodate at least 200 boys. Applications, with testimonials and references, and endorsed "Application for Head-Mastership," must be sent not later than December 5, to the Clerk to the Governors, Mr. E. H. FRANKS, Nottingham, from whom further information may be obtained.

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THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.—President, the Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.G.—This Society supplies Elastic Stockings, Trusses, Artificial Limbs, &c., and every description of Mechanical Support to the Poor. The Society is GREATLY in NEED of FUNDS. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay & Co., 54 Lombard Street; or at the Office, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C., by WILLIAM TRESIDDER, Secretary.

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THE LATE DR. RABBETH.

AT a meeting held at King's College on the 6th instant, in honour of the late Dr. SAMUEL RABBETH, who lost his life in attempting to save a child suffering from Diphtheria, at the Royal Free Hospital, on October 26, a Committee was formed to consider the best means of commemorating his name and sacrifice. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Visitor of King's College, in which Dr. RABBETH was educated, has consented to be an Honorary President of this Committee, and a list of its members is subjoined. At a meeting which was fully attended, the Committee came to the conclusion that the purpose in view would be best promoted by the following methods:

- (1) The Establishment of a Memorial Medal at the University of London bearing Dr. RABBETH's name, and of a similar Medal, or of a Scholarship, or Prize, at King's College.
- (2) The Endowment of a Child's Cot at King's College Hospital and at the Royal Free Hospital.
- (3) The Erection of Memorial Tablets at the Royal Free Hospital and in King's College Chapel.

The last of these is already secured by the direction of the Committee of the Royal Free Hospital, and by the subscriptions of Dr. RABBETH's fellow-students at King's College. Subscriptions are therefore invited towards the first two objects, and may be paid either to the Treasurer of the Fund—the Principal of King's College and R. Rutherford Esq.,—or to the account of the RABBETH Fund Messrs. Coutts & Co. Any one who wishes to prefer that his subscriptions should be devoted to either of the special purposes mentioned should communicate his wish to one of the Secretaries.

Committee.

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury,
Honorary President.
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The Countess of Portsmouth	5	0	0	The Principal of King's College	10	0	0
Sir William Bowman, Bart.	20	0	0	J. E. Rabbeth, Esq.	100	0	0
W. G. Priestley, Esq., M.D.	5	0	0	Messrs. Coutts & Co.	25	0	0
J. Matthews Duncan, Esq., M.D.	10	0	0				

A further List of Donations will be acknowledged in the Times of the 29th inst.

JOHN CURNOW, M.D., Dean of the Medical Faculty, King's College.
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T. S. SHORT.
King's College: November 12, 1884.

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HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.
Sewers' Office, Guildhall:
October, 1884.

FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND—CITY of LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, December 2, 1884, at half-past twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Proposals for taking on BUILDING LEASES, for a term of eighty years, three Plots of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate in Bevis Marks.
Further particulars, with conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on application at this Office, where Plans of the Ground may also be seen.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal.
Persons making proposals must attend personally or by a duly authorized agent on the above-mentioned day at half-past twelve o'clock precisely, and the party whose offer is accepted will be required to execute an Agreement and Bond at the same time.
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£		£	£	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1819	32	1,000	2,013	3,013	145 1 8	2,461 0 0	2,927 0 0
1819	29	600	604	1,204	102 11 10	782 10 0	1,039 0 0
1844	31	600	626	1,226	56 5 8	828 16 0	1,157 0 8
1844	43	300	294	594	91 18 8	267 0 0	433 0 0
1839	30	1,000	841	1,841	84 15 5	1,061 10 0	1,691 0 0
1844	40	1,000	841	1,841	79 11 8	1,353 12 0	1,729 0 0
1844	30	1,000	600	1,600	77 16 10	833 16 0	1,004 0 0
1819	43	2,000	176	2,176	48 6 5	2,238 0 0	3,192 0 0
1844	30	500	267	767	64 19 0	329 0 0	585 0 0
1844	47	5,000	8,850	13,850	65 15 10	4,232 0 0	6,013 0 0
1844	35	500	180	680	61 12 0	270 0 0	433 0 0
1820	31	5,000	3,123	8,123	43 15 5	4,367 16 0	6,123 0 0
1844	39	1,000	380	1,380	40 17 5	509 8 0	895 0 0
1844	32	1,000	379	1,379	39 6 5	566 8 0	871 0 0
1864	46	200	124	324	68 1 0	185 6 0	336 0 0
1840	45	4,000	870	4,870	40 13 10	1,257 11 0	2,778 0 0
1844	30	4,000	697	4,697	31 15 0	713 16 0	1,723 0 0
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